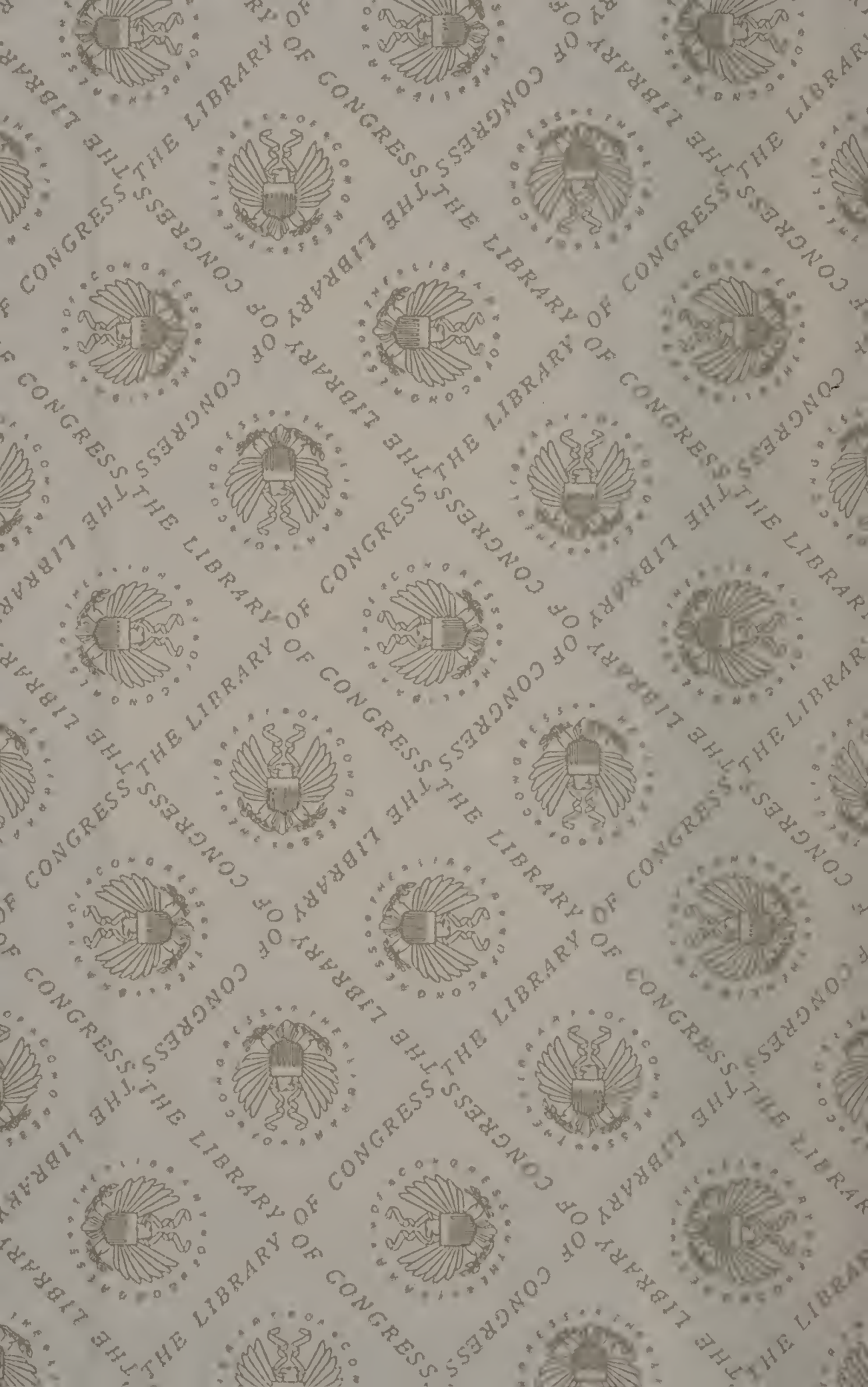
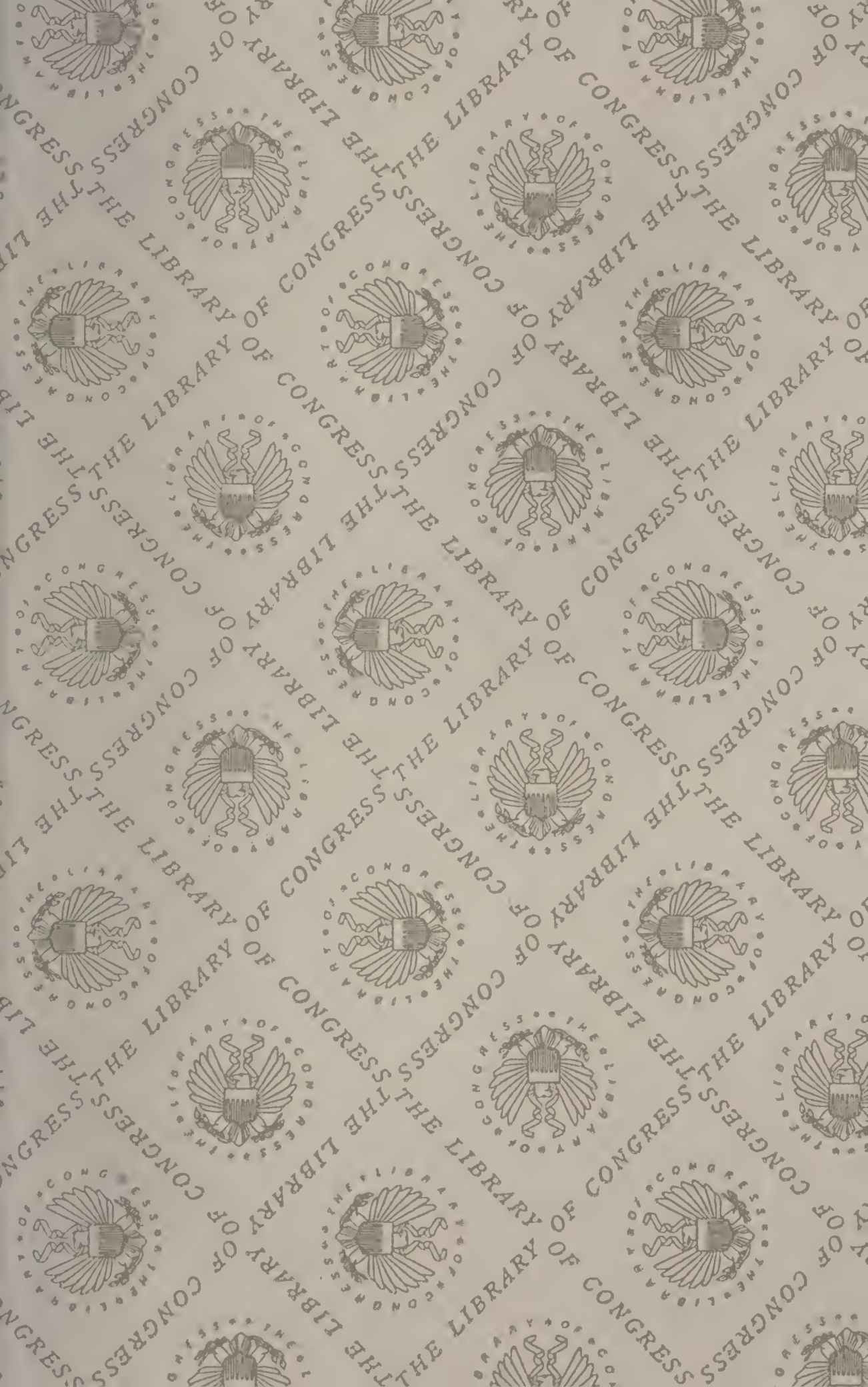


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# All the Holidays

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A Collection of Recitations, Dialogues and  
Exercises for All School Holidays,  
with Much Original Matter.

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Arranged By

CLARA J. DENTON

Author of "Under the Plantain Leaf," "The Brownies' Quest," Etc.

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CHICAGO

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY.

### Memorial Day, page 89.

Boys In Blue The.....	For 1 boy and 1 girl.
Columbia's Reception.....	For 1 boy and 38 girls.
Flag Song, A.....	For whole school.
Keeping the Day.....	For 2 boys and 4 girls.
Memorial Day.....	For any number of children.
Memorial Day Blossoms.....	For 1 boy and 1 girl.
Memorial Flowers.....	For 4 girls.
My Country's Flag.....	For 1 girl.
Unforgotten .....	For 1 boy or 1 girl.

### Flower Day, page 114.

What the Roses Said.....	For 1 boy and 5 girls.
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### Closing Day, page 126.

Best Places, The.....	For 3 boys and 5 girls.
Coming .....	For 1 boy.

### Fourth of July, page 129.

Flag Goes By, The.....	For 1 boy.
Fourth of July.....	For 1 boy.
Fourth of July Count, A.....	For 1 girl.
Fourth of July Exercise.....	For 4 boys and 4 girls.

### Thanksgiving Day, page 137.

Bob's and Tom's Thanksgiving....	For 2 boys.
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Governor's Proclamation, The.....	For 2 boys and 5 girls.
Granny's Story.....	For 1 girl.
In Honor of Thanksgiving.....	For 12 boys and 21 girls.
Little Pilgrim, The.....	For 1 girl.
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Thanks for Thanksgiving.....	For 1 boy.
Thanksgiving Preparations.....	For 1 boy.
Why She Is Thankful.....	For a little girl.

### Christmas, page 171.

Child Jesus, The.....	For a little child.
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Christmas Guest, The.....	For 1 boy or 1 girl.
Christmas Morning.....	For whole school.
Christmas Tree, The.....	For 1 boy or 1 girl.
Hanging Up the Stockings.....	For 2 boys and 1 girl.
Jes' 'Fore Christmas.....	For 1 boy.
Old Friends Together.....	For 7 boys and 5 girls.
Peace on Earth.....	For 4 boys and 6 girls.
Peep Into Santa Claus' Pack, A....	For 1 boy.
Santa Claus and His Men.....	For 1 boy or 1 girl.
What Christmas Means.....	For six little girls.
Yule-tide .....	For 1 boy or 1 girl.

# ALL THE HOLIDAYS.

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## THE NEW YEAR

### NED'S SOLILOQUY.

(Abridged.)

The speaker should sit in a low chair. While giving the lines he slowly removes collar, tie, and shoes.

They are all sitting up to see the New Year in,  
And to send me off to bed was a shame  
And a sin.

I can never go to sleep, I'm so mad,  
The stupid year is 'most gone, and I'm glad,  
For such a horrid time as I've had  
Is just mean.

Been to bed! every night at half past  
Eight have I.  
And at dinner I can *never* have but *one*  
Piece of pie;  
And once I had to stay in bed all day,  
Just because I mocked old Deacon Gray,  
'Twas a mean thing to do, I heard mother say.  
Don't see why.

Have to study so hard, I've no time for play,  
O, dear, dear,

That folks ever want an education  
Is so queer!

When I ran away from school, Ma shook her head  
And groaned. Yes, and then, my grandmother said,  
"You will never be a smart man, O, Ned,  
We all fear."

*(Bells ring. Ned rises.)*

There, the bells begin to ring for the New Year  
Coming in.

What a horrid acting feller I declare  
I have been.

I have half a mind now to mend my ways.

I believe, after all, doing right pays.

And New Year's day is the time mother says  
To begin.

—*Wide Awake.*

*(Used by courtesy of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.)*

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### THREE SLEEPY-HEADS.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For One Boy and Two Girls.

Characters: Harry, eleven years old; Mary, twelve years old; Nellie, seven years old. Costumes: Ordinary home suits. Scene: A parlor. The stage should be darkened; a kerosene lamp burns brightly on a center table. When the curtain rises Mary and Nellie are seated. Mary holds a kitten; Nellie is nibbling at a cookie.

*Mary.* Now, kittie, just think of it, you are to sit up with us and see the old year out, and the new year in.

*Nellie.* But she's asleep already. What a lazy kittie.



*Mary.* Yes, but I'll wake her when the bells begin to ring.

*Nellie.* No, no, that wouldn't be kind, and you know we are to begin the new year by being kind to everything and everybody.

*Mary.* It's easy enough to *begin* the new year right, isn't it? The thing is to keep it up.

*Nellie.* But I do wish Harry would come back. What do you suppose keeps him?

*Mary.* O, he'll be here pretty soon. But, little girl, even if papa and mamma are willing for us to sit up, do you suppose you can keep awake?

*Nellie (indignantly.)* Of course I can; why, I'm not the least mite sleepy, not the leastest bit in the world.

*Mary.* But, remember, dear, it is only a little after nine o'clock now. How many hours will it be until twelve?

*Nellie. (Counting slowly on her fingers.)* Let me see, ten, eleven, twelve. Why, Mary, that is only three hours. Guess I can stay awake that long. O, what fun it will be to watch the new year in. How I do wish Harry would come.

*Mary.* How do you expect to wait patiently for the new year, if you can't wait five minutes for Harry?

*(Enter Harry, comes to center, begins to sing any popular song, and dances a breakdown in time to song.)*

*Mary and Nellie:* O, Harry, Harry, do stop and tell us.

*Harry. (After a few moments.)* Well, give me a bite of your cookie first, sis. *(Nellie extends cookie. Harry takes large bite.)*

*Nellie. (Looking at remnant of cookie.)* If you don't mind, Harry, I believe I'd rather have the bite.

*Mary.* Harry, you ought to be ashamed, I didn't suppose your mouth was so big. *(Harry resumes dance.)*

*Nellie.* But I don't care, if you'll only say that we may watch the new year in. (*Harry continues dancing, points to his mouth while vigorously chewing.*)

*Mary.* You provoking boy. You've not only taken nearly all Nellie's cookie, but keep her in suspense, too. Nod or shake your head so that we'll know.

(*Harry shakes head vigorously, then nods, then shakes again.*)

*Nellie.* (*Rising.*) I'm going right in to ask mamma and papa, myself.

*Harry.* (*Swallows cookie, stops dancing, and catches her by the arm.*) There, little girl, I'll not tease you any more. Yes, you may watch the old year go and the new year come. But mamma says you cannot keep awake.

*Nellie.* O, I can, I know I can. What fun it will be. But, you have eaten up all my cookie, and I can't keep awake so well, without something to eat.

*Harry.* (*Putting hand in pocket.*) Well, I was a mean old brother, wasn't I? But here is something better than cookie. (*Extends hand to Nellie who takes what is given her.*)

*Nellie.* Cream chocolates! O, you're the best brother I ever heard of. Here, Mary, you must have some. (*Gives them to her.*)

*Mary.* But, now, what shall we do to amuse ourselves? If we just sit here and do nothing we'll all fall asleep, sure.

*Nellie.* (*Straightening up.*) I won't.

*Harry.* (*Yawning.*) Neither will I, but, then, let's do something just as you say, Mary. Let's tell conundrums. I'll tell one. Why is a—a—a— O, pshaw, now, I've forgotten that one. Uncle Frank told me the other day, it was a good one, too. (*Sits next to Mary.*)

*Mary.* Well, never mind, conundrums are stupid any-

way, let's speak pieces. Nellie dear, you'll speak yours, won't you? (*Nellie rises, comes to front center, bows, and recites any short verse. Harry and Mary applaud at close. Nellie returns to seat.*)

Harry. Now, Mary, it's your turn, you mustn't back out, because you proposed it.

Mary. Well, I'll sing my new song instead of reciting. (*Sings while sitting. Nellie leans back in chair, at close of song. Harry starts to applaud, then looks at Nellie and brings hands together noiselessly.*)

Harry. Poor little Nellie, she couldn't stand it, could she? Well, Mary, now, it's up to us.

Mary. O, Harry, how can you talk so? After all that mamma has said to you about slang. (*Yawns. Clock strikes the half hour.*)

Harry! There! It's half past nine. How will we ever get Nellie to bed? (*Yawns.*)

Mary. O, we will wake her up. Dear me, Harry, it's your turn now, can't you sing something?

Harry. (*Leans back in chair and yawns.*) No, I don't want to sing, I've sung one song already. You may tell a story, it will soon be ten o'clock; I tell you what we'll do. You make up a story and tell it until the clock strikes ten, then you may quit, and I'll go on with the story until the half hour strikes, and so we'll keep on until the old year goes. (*Yawns.*)

Mary. What fun that will be; well, let me see, here goes: Once upon a time a wicked fairy lived in a deep, dark cave, and every day she went out hunting up bad boys and girls.

Harry. (*Interrupting.*) Must have kept her busy.

Mary. Now, Harry, one of the rules of this game is, you musn't interrupt.

Harry. (*Sleepily.*) All right, I'll not say another

word until it's my chance at the story, then I'll show you how to make it interesting. Go on. (*Leans back in chair and yawns.*)

Mary. Let me see, where was I? O, yes, she went out to hunt up the bad boys and girls for the king of the bad fairies had promised her that, for every one she brought to him he would give her a——a—— (*looks at Harry.*) I declare if he isn't sound asleep, there's no use to tell a story to a boy asleep. I'm almost glad of it, for I couldn't think of anything to make the king give her. (*Yawns.*) Its pretty lonesome, though, without Harry to talk to me. (*Rises, stretches arms, and yawns*) but it will soon be ten o'clock, and after that the time will fly faster. How I will laugh at Harry when I call him just before twelve o'clock. (*Sits, leans back in chair and yawns.*) I wish I had some one to talk to. (*Soft music.*) If I hadn't finished my new—book—I—might— (*Sleeps.*)

(*Curtain.*)

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## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

AT THE LIBRARY.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Four Girls.

Characters: Anna, May, Librarian, Ella. Costumes: Ordinary. Scene: A "study room" in a public library. Large table in center of room, covered with books and papers. Anna and May seated at table, each reading a large book.

Anna. Dear me! I do wish I hadn't put this essay off until the last minute. I can just never read the whole of these books between this and Monday.



*May.* O, Anna, who would suppose you to be half through your second year in English?

*Anna.* Bother the English!

*May.* Well, you do bother it pretty well, that's a fact.

*Anna.* Never mind that, now. My English is good enough to make most of my wants known. But, O, May, have you thought what day it is tomorrow?

*May.* Indeed, I have. Do you suppose I could forget St. Valentine's Day? I can hardly wait to see my valentines, I always have the loveliest ones.

*Anna.* Well, I receive some beauties, too, and, O dear, it's so hard to think of this mean, old essay, when I want to stop and count up how many valentines I am likely to have. I don't see why Miss Biggs should give us a hard subject like this when it's so near Valentine's Day.

*May.* Why, Anna, what a thing for you to say, when Miss Biggs assigned us this subject more than four weeks ago. There's no one to blame but ourselves for having it come so near the holiday.

*Anna.* (*Sighing.*) Well, I suppose that's so, but, O dear, Valentine's day, or wash day, or any other day, I do wish I could find out something about the times in which Sir Walter Scott lived. I have gone all through the sketch of him in this book, and there isn't a word about the "times." I don't believe they had any 'times' then.

*May.* Maybe there was nothing but "hard times," so they don't like to say anything about them. But, have you written anything about his childhood?

*Anna.* No, indeed, why should I? (*Taking up note book and turning pages rapidly.*) In this outline that Miss Biggs gave us to follow, there isn't anything said about his childhood.

*Mary.* What of that? He had to be a child before he could grow up and write, didn't he?

*Anna.* (*Still turning leaves of note book.*) I don't care if he did. I don't mean to put in a single thing more than I have to. O, dear, we have to tell what he wrote first. Miss Biggs told us, but I can't remember whether it was "Marmion" or "Ivanhoe." Can you?

*Mary.* It wasn't "Ivanhoe," I'm sure, but I think it was "Dombey and Son."

*Anna.* O, dear, I've got to look that up then, if you're not sure.

*Mary.* Well, I shall put in about his childhood, it's the only interesting thing in this stupid book. When you find out what he wrote first, tell me, then I'll not have to look that up.

*Anna.* All right. I will if you'll tell me all about his childhood.

*May.* Very well, wait until I get it copied off, then I'll read it to you. But, what in the world does this word mean? My! What a long word, let me see, peremp—peremp—"

*Anna.* (*Interruptingly.*) Spell it.

*May.* P-e-r-e-m-p-t-o-r-i-l-y. What *does* it mean?

*Anna.* Goodness! I don't know, but. (*Enter Librarian.*) There comes the Librarian, better ask her, she knows everything.

*May.* O, please, Miss—Miss—

*Librarian.* (*With dignity as she pauses beside table.*) Miss Jones.

*May.* Miss Jones, will you please tell me the meaning of this word? Anna says you know everything.

*Librarian.* (*Coldly.*) No one knows everything, and you will find the dictionary in the reading room. (*Turns away.*)

*Anna.* (*Sweetly.*) Miss Jones, can you give us a book with just a short life of Scott?

*Librarian.* (*With sarcasm.*) The life of Walter Scott was all too short at best. Why should you wish to abbreviate it further? (*Moves away, slowly.*)

*Anna.* (*Confused.*) But—I—a mean. O, you know I just wanted a smaller book about him. We haven't time to read these big books.

*Librarian.* (*Crossly.*) Then you should have given yourselves more time. I have already brought you at least a dozen volumes, you will have to be satisfied with those. (*Exit hastily.*)

*May and Anna.* Did you ever?

*May.* I thought we were sent to the Library to get help. I wonder what she is here for?

*Anna.* To draw her salary. How I wish that lovely Miss Brown was here yet. She was so kind, and instead of bringing a whole lot of books, hap-hazard, she'd look them over and bring what she thought would give us the information in the quickest way.

*May.* Anna, I tell you, let's send Miss Jones a valentine.

*Anna.* What for? I'll not waste any good money on her.

*May.* O, I mean a comic one, that won't take much money. We'll get a regular old horror, something about a cranky old maid. (*Enter Ella, carrying book under her arm.*)

*Anna.* Good, we'll get the worst looking thing that can be found, then we'll put it in an envelope and lay it on her desk, so she'll know we sent it. Ella, you must go out and buy it, right now.

*Ella.* Why, girls, what are you saying? To whom

do you mean to send the worst looking thing that you can find?

*Anna and May.* To the Librarian.

*Ella.* O, girls, I wouldn't.

*May.* She needs a good lesson, she's so mean.

*Ella.* Are you sure that's the best way to teach it to her?

*Anna.* Of course, and we want you to buy the worst looking old maid valentine that is in the store. Then you must be sure, too, that the verse tells something about being cross and cranky.

*May.* Yes, she nearly took our heads off, just now. Hurry up, Ella, so's to get back here before we have to go home.

*Ella.* (*Looking the books over.*) Girls, what in the world are you doing with so many books? You don't need half of these.

*May.* O, never mind, go on, and get the valentine.

*Ella.* How would you like to carry all these books in here, and then carry them all out again, just to please a couple of giddy girls who will not look at them all? How much have you written?

*Anna.* (*Holding up paper.*) I have done about a page.

*May.* Well, I think I have about six lines.

*Ella.* And yet, you both left school more than an hour ago. I don't wonder Miss Jones lost her patience with you. How could you have the effrontery—

*Anna.* Come, none of your long words, Ella. Say "nerve," and have done with it.

*Ella.* All right, "nerve," then, and with a capital N, too. It took that to ask for more books, when she had already all these in for you.



*May.* But, they're no good. Why didn't she bring something that we could use?

*Ella.* You could have used these, if you hadn't spent your time talking about valentines and other things just as foolish.

*Anna.* Now, none of your preaching, Ella, and that brings us back to the original subject. Are you going out after the old maid's valentine?

*Ella.* (*Taking envelope from book.*) Now would this one do? (*Draws handsome valentine out of envelope.*)

*Anna and May.* (*Groaning.*) No, no, never.

*Anna.* Indeed, we'll not send her anything so nice as that, when she's been so disagreeable.

*May.* I should think not. That will be simply paying her for her crossness. Why, our heads will not be safe on our shoulders, hereafter, if we pay her that handsome price for her meanness.

*Ella.* Try it. Have you ever thought it's just as easy to make a friend as an enemy, and so much more satisfactory?

*Anna.* What is the verse on the valentine?

*Ella.* (*Reads.*)

Friendship is the rarest flower,  
Blooming in the human bower,  
Here I freely offer mine,  
Take it as your valentine.

*May.* Of course she'll know we all sent it if we lay it on her desk as we go out.

*Ella.* Yes, but wouldn't it be better to write our names? I shall put mine right here. (*Writes.*)

*Anna.* Give it to me. I'll sign it, too. (*Writes.*)

*May:* Well, since you've determined to spoil her, I suppose I may as well help the job along. (*Writes.*)

*Ella.* You'll find it will not spoil her. Now, I'll direct

the envelope. (*Puts the valentine in envelope, and writes.*)

*May.* What do you suppose she'll think?

*Anna.* Well, I know what *I* think, and that is, I'm glad Ella happened along.

*May.* So am I. Miss Jones will feel better over St. Valentine, and I am sure we will, too.

*Anna.* Let's carry these books back for her. Now that I think of it, she did look tired.

(*Exeunt each carrying several books.*)

---

### AUNT RUTH'S VALENTINE.

(Adapted.)

"Dinah," said Aunt Ruth, "thee may light the gas in the hall, and see who is at the door, I hear the bell again."

"'Dced, missus, it's only one o' them mizzable no-'count boys with their valentines. I 'spect! My legs is broke now, an' I's got a drefful misery in my back, a-runnin' to the door with nothin' there but them no 'count picters an' chalk marks on the steps!"

Dinah sailed majestically from the room. She opened the door, cautiously, a few inches and peered out into the snow-storm, with muttered invectives against all "mizzable white trash," when she discovered a small, ragged, black boy, coolly surveying her from the top step.

Before Dinah had time to prevent it, he boldly stepped into the lighted hall, dragging by the hand a shivering little girl, who was almost hidden in the folds of a ragged coat. This coat he now, dexterously, pulled from the shoulders of the child, saying:

"Here's a valentine for the lady wot lives here!"

And before Dinah had time to recover from the shock of this speech, he was gone.

The smutty-faced, blue-eyed little "Valentine" so unceremoniously delivered, stood motionless under the gas-light, awaiting further developments. Dinah at last recovered speech and action and closed the door with a bang.

"Missus, missus," she called, "for the Lo'd's sake, look-a-heah."

As the lady obeyed this imperative summons and stepped into the hall, the little bundle of tatters thrust a dirty, crumpled paper into her hand—saying, "Dick writ it."

And she stood anxiously watching, while Miss Ruth slowly read aloud the queer-looking document.

"This little girl hain't got no folks, nor no wares to stay to, only a woman wot beats her orful, and me, and a box with straw into it to sleep in nites. I've brung her here to be yure Valentine. She's hungry.

DICK."

As Miss Ruth raised her eyes, full of compassion, the child said.

"He told me he writ into it that I wasn't nobuddy's girl, only his'n, and that I'd be your valentine! I don't like 'em, but I'll be ut, I'd like to. It's jolly warm here, only my feet's cold. Them's Dick's boots, he made me wear 'em when I cried!"

"Thee may take the child into the kitchen, Dinah, and give her something to eat. I will come, presently, and perhaps I can find out where she belongs."

Dinah led the way, muttering as she went:

"I do decleah fur it, white trash and black trash is mostly alike in their no-'count pranks, that's a fact. Blest

if this ain't the queerest piece of business I's ever seen at this house yit. A valentine! Missus Ruth's ways is so onexpected! Here, ye poor little white beggah!"

When the "little white beggah" had finished the large slice of bread and butter, she slid from her chair, caught and kissed the big black hand, saying:

"I likes you 'cause ye looks like Dick. I likes good black folks."

When Miss Ruth came down stairs she found her "valentine" seated in a rocking-chair, while Dinah was rubbing her almost-frozen feet and giving vent to some very unorthodox expressions of opinion.

"Sakes alive! I dunno's it's so, but de Lawd seems to pay a mighty sight o'tention to some folks and forgit all about de res'. 'Pears lak chilluns 'dought to be looked after anyhow, they ain't, dough, half on 'em. Things is mighty quare in this world, ef 'tis de Lawd's world."

"Well, child," said Miss Ruth, "now that thee is warmed and fed, will thee tell thy name and where thee belongs?"

"Don't b'long nowheres. Father always called me, 'Drat-you-Bab'."

"Has thee no mother?"

"Onct I did. She called me 'Here-you-Bab.' One day Father struck her with a bottle, an' she'd gone dead in the mornin', an', the perlice comed and tooked him away'n, old Bet tole me ter go 'long, an' I went 'long fer's I could, but I hadn't nowheres to stop to, so I crawled into Dick's box, an' he put straw over me 'n fixed a jolly, nice place, 'n every day he tooked care o' me."

Soon, poor, little "Drat-you-Bab," was cuddled down on the couch in Miss Ruth's pleasant room, too much excited to sleep.



"Dick said he hearn there was nangels some 'eres what takes care o' folks, be you one?"

"No, no, child, I am only Aunt Ruth, go to sleep, now."

"Yes'm, but I do wish Dick wuz a valentine, too, it's very cold inter his box."

The next morning while happy, little Drat-you-Bab was taking her bountiful breakfast beside the kitchen stove a shadow darkened the window.

"O, there's my Dick," exclaimed the child, joyfully.

Dinah opened the door, and giving the boy a jerk, ordered him to "come 'long in."

Then seating him firmly in a chair, she said sharply:

"Now, you's jest a-goin' to set there till you 'splain the whole 'rangement to me—an' missus, an you jest lay out to tell de trufe, de whole trufe an' nuffin' but de trufe all de way tru, dat is, ef ye kin. Niggah's is mostly on-sartain."

And Dick, looking straight at Aunt Ruth, told this story:

"I hain't got much ter tell, ma'am, I'm Dick, de boot-black, an' dis yer kid I found one night last week. I seen folks a-sendin' valentines fur presents, an' I t'ought some one 'd ought to like a li'l gal, a pretty li'l one, too, better nor they would jest a picter. I seen you on de street one day, ma'am, when ye give de lame man some money, an' I followed 'long that day ter see whar ye lived, an' when ye went up de steps ye seen me, ma'am, an' ye kind o' smiled outer y'er eyes so good, that I 'most knowed ye'd be kind ter a li'l gal what hain't got no one but me. She's *real* cute, ma'am. I seen you, too, onct," he added to Dinah, "I was a-blackin' a feller's boots on de market, de day ye boxed de chap's ears fur draggin'

de dog over de stones in de gutter. Hi, didn't he run when ye let him go?"

"I clar fur it, he's a-tellin' de trufe! 'Peared lak I felt he might be 'liable de minut' I set eyes on 'im."

"She hain't got no mother, nor nobuddy in de whole world only me, ma'am, an' she's *real* cute."

"Dick, I should think thee would rather find a home for thyself then to take all this trouble for a strange, little girl."

"I hearn a preacher man on de street, one day, ma'am, tellin' erbout a good feller dat wanted de li'l chilluns tooked care on, an' that he said inter some book or 'nother, '*when ye do it ter them yer do it ter me, an' I'll remember and be good to ye sometimes fur it,*' an' when I see Bab a-curled up in my box, a-lookin' so leetle an' so f'lorny, I thought all that wot the preacher man said fer me ter be good ter her."

"I think I'll keep my valentine, Dick, I never heard of anyone sending back a valentine, did thee? And I think I'll follow the good example thee's set and send one myself. I want thee to carry a note for me to friend Bradley's office on Harlem street."

Dick carried the note, according to instructions, and neither of the valentines was ever returned.

—*Wide Awake.*

[Used by courtesy of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.]

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# LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON DAYS

## HONOR TO WASHINGTON.

BY H. C. KINNE.

Honor to Washington, soldier the bravest,  
Hero triumphant in warfare's grim art,  
Pillar of safety, in dangers the gravest,  
Idol of every American heart.

Winning a deathless name,  
Crowned with eternal fame,  
Looming more grandly as ages shall glide,  
Blazoned on starry flag,  
Graven on mountain crag,  
Washington, ever America's pride.

Honor to Washington, statesman the ablest,  
Guardian of Nation in infancy's days,  
Founder of freedom on basis the stablest,  
Guide to our footsteps through perilous ways.

Girt now, with giant might,  
Dowered with happiest plight,  
Long may his country in glory abide,  
Voicing in thunder sound,  
Echoing the world around,  
Washington, ever America's pride.

Honor to Washington, patriot, the purest,  
Servant, whose service was free as the air,  
Later, resigning a grasp that was surest,  
Model immortal of virtues most rare.  
Join them in loudest shout,  
Fling all your banners out,

Roll your glad anthems o'er continents wide,  
Swelling in chorus grand,  
Reaching most distant land,  
Washington, ever America's pride!

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### I WONDER.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

I wonder if the great George Washington,  
Ever went swimming 'fore his work was done?  
I wonder if he ever took his seat  
Before his Grandpa had sat down to eat?

Wonder'f he ever talked back to his Ma?  
Or sneaked out o'sight when he heard his Pa?  
Or got into school when 'twas mighty late,  
Because he had stopped 'on the way to skate?

Wonder'f he dared let his spelling-book lie,  
While he drew the face o' the girl close by?  
Or wrote a note to the one he liked best,  
'Stead o' learning what rivers rose in the West?

Ma said, "No, that wasn't ever his style,"  
Pa said, "Perhaps," and he gave a queer smile.  
If none of these things he *even once* did,  
He must have been a queer kind of a kid.

And so to my Ma and Pa I said,  
(Though Ma scowled awfully, and shook her head,)  
Spite o' all the wonderful things he's done,  
I rather be me than George Washington.

## THE MINUTE MEN.

## For Ten Boys.

To be given by ten boys, each wearing a continental hat and carrying a flag. They march upon the stage to martial air.

FIRST.—Brave minute men are we  
Who stood at rise of sun,  
To face the British bold  
On the green at Lexington.

SECOND.—'Twas April 19th, seventy-five,  
Historic, bright, spring morn,  
The birds were singing blithe;  
New-planted was the corn.

THIRD.—At dawn had come the word,  
You've read of it in song,  
For minute men to arm  
And save the land from wrong.

FOURTH.—Fired by love of right,  
And patriotism broad,  
We seized the trusty gun  
And buckled on the sword.

FIFTH.—No warriors we, but men  
Of sturdy, simple gait,  
The "embattled farmers" brave,  
We held the country's fate.

SIXTH.—Eight hundred British came  
Along the broad highway;  
The story well you know  
Of the bloody fray that day.



SEVENTH.—Parker, Monroe, and Hadley  
 Like martyrs that fell down,  
 Their names shall ever live  
 With the Harringtons, Muzzy, Brown.

EIGHTH.—But not for naught they fell,  
 Those heroes brave indeed,  
 Their groanings were the knell  
 Of tyranny and greed.

NINTH.—That cruel massacre  
 Of minutemen at dawn  
 Was turned to British rout  
 Ere the long day had gone.

TENTH.—When the men of Lexington  
 Rose, and nobly dared be free,  
 There resounded through the world  
 A blow for liberty.

*(March off to patriotic air, waving flags.)*

—*Journal of Education.*

### THE NEW GEORGE WASHINGTON.

To be recited by a small boy.

I am six years old,  
 And like play and fun,  
 I mean to grow up  
 Like George Washington.  
 So, when mother said,  
 “Who ate all the pie?”  
 I spoke like a man,  
 And said, “It was I.”

But *she* didn't say  
She'd rather lose the pie,  
And know that her boy  
Would not tell a lie.  
She just shut me up -  
Where I couldn't see,  
Then sent me to bed  
Without any tea.

—*Anonymous.*

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## THE STATES CROWNING WASHINGTON.

BY KATE BOWLES SHERWOOD.

For Forty-five Children.

This exercise will require forty-five children, boys and girls, or both, as most convenient. Where a stage and curtain are obtainable, have the speakers grouped upon the stage at rise of curtain. If a stage and curtain are impossible let the speakers sit near the platform, each coming forward quickly, as the predecessor retires. A bust or framed portrait of Washington must occupy the center of the stage or platform; surrounding it must be an arch containing forty-five nails. Each speaker at the close of speech hangs upon a nail the wreath he or she carries. Where flowers cannot be obtained in the winter time, use wreaths of evergreen. If a stage is possible, but not a curtain, the states may form at back of schoolroom and march upon the stage in time to martial or patriotic music. Each state may wear a badge with name if convenient.

1. Maine comes marching on as one  
To crown immortal Washington.
2. New Hampshire brings him honor, too,  
In offerings both sweet and true.
3. Vermont here comes to take her stand  
To crown him with a lavish hand.

4. Massachusetts, Pilgrim state,  
Proclaims him hero grand and great.
  5. Rhode Island comes with willing feet  
To place a garland fair and sweet.
  6. Connecticut, with laurel's\* light,  
Would keep our hero's honor bright.
  7. New York, a mighty empire now,  
Still crowns her gallant leader's brow.
  8. Pennsylvania holds him great,  
Who spurned a crown to make a state.
  9. New Jersey, Trenton can't forget,  
Her hero claims her honor yet.
  10. Delaware will wreathe her boys  
To tell our hero's matchless praise.
  11. Maryland crowns the peaceful heart  
Unspoiled by cruel deed or art.
  12. Virginia hails her first born son  
The proud and peerless Washington.
  13. West Virginia will proclaim  
The splendors of a patriot's name.
  14. North Carolina's wreath is brought  
To him who independence wrought.
  15. South Carolina follows on  
To twine a wreath for Washington.
- \* Or flowers

16. Georgia exalts him high,  
Who made the flag of freedom fly.
17. Alabama's lore is pure,  
For him whose fame shall aye endure.
18. Florida a tribute brings  
To him exalted over kings.
19. Ohio twines with generous hand  
The garlands of a goodly land.
20. Indiana's wreath is green  
For him of grave and gentle mien.
21. Illinois cannot forget  
That Washington is speaking yet.
22. Michigan with love is stirred  
For him who always kept his word.
23. Wisconsin hangs the victor's palm  
For him, in peace or tumult calm.
24. Kentucky would his praise prolong,  
For fortitude and valor strong.
25. Missouri comes with gifts of love  
For Washington, all men above.
26. Iowa exalts the man  
Who shaped his life on honor's plan.
27. Minnesota will revere  
The name that all the world holds dear.
28. Nebraska brings from summits high,  
Immortal gifts that cannot die.



29. Kansas speaks of duties done,  
Of battles fought and victories won.
30. Mississippi tells the tale  
Of glorious acts that never pale.
31. Louisiana counts the deeds  
By duty done where valor leads.
32. Arkansas brings an offering bright  
To him who struggled for the right.
33. Texas, will her honor show  
To faithful friend and generous foe.
34. Tennessee exultant bears  
The crown a conquering hero wears.
35. Nevada from her mountain height  
Has plucked this garland kissed with light.
36. California's thousand flowers  
Will crown this patriot of ours.
37. Oregon brings offerings rare  
For him she holds in loving care.
38. Montana, from the mountains blue,  
Has brought him love and honor, too.
39. North Dakota loves him well,  
And comes his valiant deeds to tell.
40. South Dakota follows on  
To crown the patriot Washington.
41. Washington is proud to claim  
The glory of his noble name.

42. Colorado ever true  
Will bring him loving garlands, too.
43. Wyoming from her mountain height  
Would crown the man who stood for right.
44. Idaho brings garlands fair  
For him whose life's beyond compare.
45. Utah comes with fadeless pine  
In his immortal crown to shine.

## CHOROUS OF STATES.

We all will honor Washington,  
His fame will ever lead us on  
To better lives and nobler deeds,  
To guard our land in all her needs,  
To keep us ever kind and true  
To friends, and home, and country, too,  
In virtue strong, in honor bright,  
The foe of wrong, the friend of right.

We all will honor Washington,  
The first in war when wrong was done.  
The first in peace when freedom came,  
To crown him with immortal fame,  
The first in all our hearts today,  
To bind us all as one for aye,  
While battle and freedom lead us on  
We all will honor Washington.

*[Issued under the auspices of the George Washington Memorial Association. Used by permission of the New England Publishing Co.]*

## THE THIRTEEN STATES.

BY META WELLERS.

For Thirteen Girls.

The girls should be dressed in white with sashes across their breasts on which the names of the states are written. The smaller states should be represented by the smaller girls.

*Delaware.* I was the first to come into the Union. My people readily saw that in Union there is strength. They were unanimous in adopting the Constitution, signing it December 3, 1787. I am called the "Diamond State."

*Pennsylvania.* I was not far behind in following the example of my little sister, and joined the sisterhood only ten days later. My founder was Wm. Penn, the distinguished English Quaker, to whom King James gave a large tract of land. In 1682, in the shade of large chestnut trees near the site of Philadelphia, he made a treaty with the Indians, which was never broken, and the Quakers were never disturbed by the Red Men. In Philadelphia, our beloved Washington caused the first flag of the stars and stripes to be made at the home of Mrs. Ross, 239 Arch St. I am called the "Keystone State."

*New Jersey.* I am one of the smaller states, but after Pennsylvania, I came into the Union, and during the war of the Revolution, the British and American armies marched back and forth over my lands, and burned my beautiful homes. When Washington went to New York to be inaugurated he was magnificently entertained by my people. I am called the "Garden State."

*Georgia.* I waited until the New Year before I signed the Constitution. Many of my people are descendants of the Huguenot French. I am called the "Empire State of the South."

*Connecticut.* My people came into the Union Jan. 7.

1788. Many years ago the King of England gave some of my people a very nice charter. It gave them a great many liberties, and was altogether the best Charter in the Colonies, but he grew sorry that he had given it and sent an officer after it. Some of the best talkers collected, and while the officer's attention was thus occupied, the precious charter was hid in an old oak tree, ever after called the "Charter Oak." I am called the "Land of Steady Habits."

*Massachusetts.* In 1620 the Pilgrims landed on my shore, in the midst of a cold December day. They came from England in the ship *Mayflower*. We came into the Union Feb. 6, 1788. I am called the "Bay State."

*Maryland.* I was inspired to sign the Constitution April 28, 1788. Ever since the philanthropic Lord Baltimore founded his colony on my shore, it's peace has been unbroken by religious dissention or strife. I am called the "Old Line State."

*South Carolina.* I signed the Constitution May 23, 1788. During the Revolutionary War I was so unfortunate as to be overwhelmed by the British, who took Charleston and held it some months. I am called the "Palmetto State."

*New Hampshire.* After a close contest, I signed the Constitution June 21, 1788. We have never regretted our choice, and we are as firm as the granite of our native hills in our loyalty to the "Stars and Stripes." I am called the "Granite State."

*Virginia.* I am the oldest of the colonies. I abound in romantic stories of the early days. Proud as I am of all my traditions, my greatest honor is the motherhood of George Washington. In Westmoreland county he first drew breath, and at Yorktown he witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne. From Mt. Vernon, his own beautiful



home, my honored son, our beloved first President, went to assume the first position in the land. "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." I came into the Union June 22, 1788. I am called the "Old Dominion."

*New York.* Possibly, on account of my aristocratic name, I was delayed in accepting our republican government, for I was called after the Duke of York, whom it pleased the King of England to place over me as a governor. But no city would have been more loyal, and with the two houses of Congress among us and Alexander Hamilton living in the metropolis, it is unnecessary to say that I desired to be one of the Union. For years I saw the hated "red-coats" move along the streets of old New York, and when they left, and George Washington and his army marched in, my people's joy knew no bounds. The flag of England, which had been left waving from a tall pole, was quickly torn down. A brave and patriotic sixteen-year-old lad climbed the pole, tore down the British lion, and amid the huzzas of the excited crowd nailed up the Stars and Stripes. Today my sons and daughters meet to honor the birth\* (of *our beloved first president*) and to one and all I say with open arms, "Come with me where the stately Washington trod so many, many years ago." I am called the "Empire State."

*North Carolina.* We had a stormy time before we could make up our minds to board the ship Constitution, which we did Nov. 21, 1789. We are now having a prosperous voyage. We have weathered some rough gales, but we are proud and happy to say that the timbers are still sound. I am called "Old North and Turpentine State."

*Rhode Island.* Last and least of the original thirteen, "Little Rhody," they call me. I was a troublesome child

and made my twelve sisters miserable for a year before I joined them by ratifying the Constitution May 29, 1790.

*\*If this is given on Fourth of July, change the wording at "birth" thus, "to honor the birthday of our Nation."*

*—Journal of Education.*

*(Used by the courtesy of New England Pub. Co.)*

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## TWO FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS.

BY LIZZIE M. HADLEY AND CLARA J. DENTON.

For Eight Boys.

This dialogue, or exercise, is to be given by eight boys. While they and the school are singing the first song the boys march upon the stage and form into a semicircle, the four boys speaking for Washington on the right, the other four (for Lincoln) on the left. Portraits of Washington and Lincoln should be placed in a convenient position on the stage beneath a double arch wreathed with evergreens. The portraits should be draped with American flags. Each one of the boys should wear a small American flag pinned to his coat.

SONG. TUNE, RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG.

We are marching from the East,  
We are marching from the West,  
Singing the praises of a nation.  
That all the world may hear  
Of the men we hold so dear,  
Singing the praises of a nation.

CHORUS.

For Washington and Lincoln,  
Hurrah, all hurrah,  
Sing as we gather  
Here from afar,  
Yes, for Washington and Lincoln,  
Let us ever sing,  
Sing all the praises of a nation.

Yes, we love to sing this song,  
As we proudly march along,  
Singing the praises of the heroes.  
Through this great and happy land,  
We would sound their names so grand,  
Singing the praises of our heroes.

## CHORUS.

*All.* We have come to tell you of two men whose names must be linked together as long as the nation shall stand, Washington and Lincoln. They stand for patriotism, goodness, truth and true manliness. Hand in hand they shall go down the centuries together.

*First Speaker on the Washington Side.* Virginia sends you greeting. I come in her name in honor of her illustrious son, George Washington, and she bids me tell you that he was born in her state, Feb. 22, 1732.

*All.* 'Twas years and years ago.

*First Speaker.* Yes, more than a hundred and seventy years, nearly two centuries.

*All.* A long time to be remembered.

*First Speaker.* Yes, but Washington's name is still cherished and honored all over the land which his valor and wisdom helped save, and, for generations yet to come, the children of the schools shall give to him a million-tongued fame.

*Second Speaker.* Virginia bids me tell you that as a boy, Washington was manly, brave, obedient and kind, and that he never told a lie.

*Song. (Either as solo or chorus). Air, What Can the Matter Be?*

Dear, dear, who can believe it?

Dear, dear, who can conceive it?

Dear, dear, we scarce can believe that  
Never did he tell a lie.

O, surely temptation must oft have assailed him,  
But courage and honor we know never failed him,  
So let us all follow his wondrous example,  
And never, no never tell lies.  
And never, no never, tell lies.

*Third Speaker.* A brave and manly boy, he began work early in life, and, in 1748, when only sixteen years old, he was a surveyor of lands, and took long tramps into the wilderness. In 1775 came the Revolutionary War, and he was appointed commander-in-chief of the American Army. In 1787 he was elected president of the convention which framed the constitution of our country.

*Fourth Speaker.* In 1789 he was chosen first president of the United States. He was re-elected in 1793 and, at the close of the second term he retired to private life at his beautiful and beloved home, Mt. Vernon. He died there, Dec. 14, 1799, honored and mourned by the whole nation, and leaving to the world a life which is a "pattern for all public men, teaching what greatness is and what is the pathway to undying fame," and richly deserving the title, "Father of his country."

*All.* "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life.

*Boys representing Lincoln.* Washington was a great and good man, and so, too, was the man whom we delight to honor, whose title, "Honest Abe," has passed into the language of our time as a synonym for all that is just and honest in man.

*First Speaker on the Lincoln Side.* Kentucky is proud to claim Abraham Lincoln as one of her honored sons, and she bids me say that he was born in that state in Har-



din county, Feb. 12, 1809. Indiana, too, claims him, he was her son by adoption, for, when but seven years old, his father moved to the southwestern part of that state. Illinois also has a claim upon him. It was there that he helped build a log cabin for a new home, and split rails to fence in a cornfield. Afterwards he split rails for a suit of clothes, one hundred rails for every yard of cloth, and so won the name, "The Rail-splitter."

*Second Speaker.* In 1828 he became a flat boatman and twice went down the river to New Orleans. In 1832 he served as captain of a company in the Black Hawk War. After the war he kept a country store, and won a reputation for honesty. Then, for a while, he was a surveyor, next, a lawyer, and in 1834 he was elected to the Legislature of Illinois.

*Third Speaker.* In 1846 he was made a member of Congress, in 1860 he was elected president of the United States.

*Fourth Speaker.* The Civil War followed, and in 1864 he was elected president for the second term. On April 14 he was shot by an assassin and died on the morning of the 15th.

SONG BY SCHOOL. AIR, JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

In spite of changing seasons of the years that come and  
go,

Still his name today is cherished in the hearts of friend  
and foe,

And the land for which he suffered e'er shall honor him  
we know,

While truth goes marching on.

CHORUS.

*Both groups together.* To both these men, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, we, the children of the nation, owe a debt of gratitude which we can only

repay by a lifetime of work, for God, humanity, and our country. Both have left behind them words of wisdom, which, if healed, will make us wiser and better boys and girls, and so wiser and better men and women.

*Two boys from the Washington group.* Washington said, "Without virtue and without integrity, the finest talents and the most brilliant accomplishments can never gain the respect or conciliate the esteem of the most valuable part of mankind."

*Two boys from Lincoln group.* Lincoln said, "I have one vote, and I shall always cast that against wrong as long as I live."

*Two boys from Washington group.* "If to please the people we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work?"

*Two boys from Lincoln group.* Lincoln said, "In every event of life, it is right makes might."

*All.* O, wise and great!

Their like, perchance, we ne'er shall see again,

But let us write their golden words upon the hearts of men.

*Song. Tune "America."*

Turn now unto the past,  
There, long as life shall last,  
Their names you'll find.  
Faithful and true and brave,  
Sent here our land to save.  
Men whom our father gave,  
Brave, true, and kind.

*(Exeunt.)*

## WASHINGTON MEMORIAL EXERCISE.

BY ELLA M. POWERS.

For One Boy and Five Girls.

Decorate the stage with flags, placing, if possible, an American eagle in a prominent position. A framed portrait or a bust of Washington must be placed in center of stage. The speakers should wear small flags or the national colors.

*(Opening address by a boy):*

Today our hearts rejoice, as, with pride, we consider the life of our nation's great leader, Washington.

In token of our love for him, for our fellowmen, our country, and our God we give these symbols (*pointing to decorations*) of our reverence.

It was Washington whose courage and genius contributed to free our glorious country and to raise it to an independent power.

The name of Washington is inseparably linked with a memorable epoch. His talents, nobility of character, and virtues left their impress upon our country. History offers few examples of such renown. Great from the outset of his career, patriotic before his country had even become a nation, noble, loyal and true, he stands before us an example of great and grand manhood. His fame is imperishable. The world pays homage to Washington and we consider this great Virginian the noblest figure that ever stood in the fore-front of a nation's life.

*(Enter girl bearing flag. She comes to center of stage, and recites the next four lines.)*

Arise, 'tis the day of our Washington's glory,

The garlands uplift for our liberties won,

And sing in your gladness his echoing story,

Whose sword swept for freedom from sun unto sun.

*(School in concert):*

Not with gold nor with gems but with wreaths ever  
vernal,

And the banners of stars that the continent span.  
Crown, crown, we the chief of the heroes eternal,  
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man.

*(While the school recites this quatrain the first girl winds flag about the base of the bust or portrait, then retires to rear of stage.)*

*(Enter second girl carrying sword.)*

He gave us a nation to make us immortal,  
He laid down for freedom the sword that he drew,  
*(places sword on folds of flag)*

And his shade leads us on to the radiant portal  
Of the glory of peace, and the destinies new.

*(Second girl retires, takes her place beside first girl.)*

*School:*

Not with gold nor with gems, but with wreaths ever  
    vernal,

And the flags that the nations of liberty span.  
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal,  
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man.

*(Enter third girl, bearing two small flags.)*

Lead, face of the future, serene in thy beauty,  
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace-star shall gleam;  
Till right shall be might in the counsels of duty,  
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.

*(Lays flags with sword, and retires.)*

*(School.)* Not with gold, nor with gems, etc.

*(Enter fourth girl, carrying evergreen wreath.)*

O, spirit of liberty! sweet are thy numbers,  
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring,  
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,  
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.  
We follow thy counsels, O, hero eternal,  
To highest achievements the school leads the van,



And, crowning thy brow (*places the wreath on the bust*) with the wreath ever vernal,

Whose honor was gained by the service of man.

(*The boy and the three girls come forward and stand boy in center, while the school sings America or other national air.*)

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## EASTER

### CHRIST IS RISEN.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Three Girls.

(*Enter three girls dressed in white. The girl in the center carries daffodils.*)

*First girl:*

O, birds on the wing,  
Pray, tarry, and sing  
A sweet roundelay  
For this beautiful day,  
For Easter, glad Easter is here.

*All:*

And Christ is risen, is risen, indeed.

*Third girl:*

O, skies, be blue,  
O, minds, be true.  
Blow softly everywhere.  
Earth be glad, earth be fair.  
For Easter, glad Easter is here.

*All:*

And Christ is risen, is risen indeed.

*Second girl:*

Ho, for the daffodils, daring and bright,  
Forerunners of summer, flags of delight,  
Ho, for the daffodils, winds may be cold,  
Yet in bright beauty your petals unfold.

Ho, for the daffodils, brilliant and dear,  
We heed not the sky, with daffodils here.  
The robins may come, or not, as they please,  
The weather we scorn with blessings like these.

Daffodils shining, my heart is your own,  
Waving all day in the coldness alone.  
Type are you ever of friends of the heart,  
Coming to bless when earth's troubles depart.

Daffodils, daffodils, from the brown mold,  
You come with your beauty tho' skies may be cold.  
Type of this morn when from the cold tomb  
Our Savior triumphant dispelled all its gloom.

*All:*

Our Savior triumphant dispelled all its gloom,  
For Christ is risen, is risen indeed.

*Second girl holding up the daffodils:*

From the brown bulb springs the flower,  
So one day by God's own power.

*First girl:*

Shall we rise to life eternal,  
Knowing joy and love supernal.

*Third girl:*

For Christ is risen, is risen indeed.

## AN EASTER SERVICE.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Whole School.

If preferred this may be given by a class and its teacher. In this case the class comes to the platform and the singing is omitted.

*Address:*

Scoffers against the Christian religion are fond of making the statement that this great Christian festival of Easter is simply an old Pagan celebration engrafted upon the Christian church. It must be remembered, however, that it supplanted the Jewish passover as well as the Pagan festival.

The Pagans, it is true, celebrated in the month of April, the feast of Easter, the goddess of light or spring. The Jewish passover also occurred about this time and we know from the New Testament that the crucifixion and the resurrection of our Lord occurred at the passover season.

Thus, when the early Christian church desired to celebrate the great event of the resurrection, it unavoidably came very near the time of the great Pagan festival, and the transference of the name Easter was a natural result.

In many countries, however, the Pagan name is not given to this festival, but the more appropriate words, *parchal*, *pasque*, or *paas*, derived from the Jewish passover, are used.

The date of Easter Sunday in any given year is determined by the moon in March. The first full moon on or next after the twenty-first of March is called the "paschal moon," and the next Sunday after this full moon is Easter Sunday.

*(Hymn either by school or as a solo.)*

(*Recitation.*)

See the land, her Easter keeping,  
 Rises as her Maker rose.  
 Seeds so long in darkness sleeping,  
 Burst at last from winter snows.  
 Earth with heaven above rejoices:  
 Fields and gardens hail the spring,  
 Hills and woodlands sing with voices  
 While the wild birds build and sing.

You, to whom your Maker granted  
 Powers to those sweet birds unknown,  
 Use the skill by God implanted,  
 Use the season not your own.  
 Here, while heaven and earth rejoices,  
 Each his Easter tribute bring—  
 Work of fingers—chant of voices.  
 Like the birds who build and sing.

—Chas. Kingsley.

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## RESPONSIVE READINGS.

*Superintendent.* For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

*School.* And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God.

*Supt.* Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another, though my sins be consumed within me. (Job 19, 25—27.)

*School.* As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. (Ps. 17, 15.)

*Supt.* But as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying:



*School.* I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living. (Matthew 22, 31-32.)

*Supt.* But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen.

*School.* And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

*Supt.* But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

*School.* For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

*Supt.* For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. (1 Cor. 15, 13, 14, 20, 21, 22.)

*School.* Knowing that he, which raised up the Lord Jesus, shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you. (2 Cor. 4, 14.)

*Supt.* For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

*School.* So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortality shall have put on immortality then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

*Supt.* O, death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory?

*School.* The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. (1 Cor. 15, 53—57.)

*(Singing by school or choir.)*

*Recitation.* (By a girl carrying a variety of flowers.)

## THE USE OF FLOWERS.

God might have bade the earth bring forth  
Enough for great or small.  
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours,  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.

Then, therefore, wherefore, were they made,  
And dyed with rainbow-light,  
All fashioned with supremest grace,  
Upspringing day and night,  
Springing in valleys green and low  
And on the mountains high,  
And in the silent wilderness  
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—  
Then, wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth;  
To comfort man—to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim.  
For who so careth for the flowers  
Will care much more for Him.

*Mary Howitt.*

*(Singing.)*

## CLOSING RECITATION.

Clear in the soft, warm sunshine,  
The Easter hymns are ringing.  
The low note of a spring bird  
Chimes with the children's singing,  
To Thee the praise.

The lilies' snowy whiteness  
Shines out to grace the day.  
May the children's hearts be always  
As pure and fair as they,  
To Thee the praise.

—*Anonymous*

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THE MESSAGE OF EASTER.

BY EMMA G. DIETRICK.

O, beautiful blossoms of Easter,  
With riches of odor and bloom,  
Ye tell us that Christ has arisen  
From out of His stone-covered tomb.  
Ye bring us the promise of spring-time,  
Ye tell us that winter is past,  
And whisper to hearts that are weary  
Of blessedness coming at last.

O, fragrant, white lilies of Easter,  
Ye breathe not your perfume in vain,  
Ye speak of the sweetness of Christ-life,  
The beautiful mission of pain;  
Ye tell of a Savior ascended,  
Of death to be conquered at last,  
Of robes and a crown that are waiting  
When earth and its trials are past.

O, flowers and palms of glad Easter,  
Ye tell of a victory won,  
Of strife and of conquest and triumph,  
Of all that our Master has done.  
Ye point to the new Easter living,  
A path that we tread not alone,  
Your beauty and fragrance shall tell us  
Christ lives in the hearts of his own.

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## ARBOR AND BIRD DAYS

### ANCIENT TREES.

BY ELLA M. POWERS.

Our ancient forest patriarchs  
May smile at man's short life.  
Through centuries their lives extended,  
Through war and peace, and strife.

The far-off past to present time  
Is linked by many a tree,  
And living through the centuries dim,  
They saw the fates decree

That struggle of Roman and Saxon bold,  
They saw the fierce turmoil,  
Saw William the Conqueror's standard old  
Planted on England's soil.

In Windsor forest the old "King's Oak"  
Sheltered this king in its shade,  
While memories deathless filled his heart  
Of victories long since made.

Centuries eight have rolled away,  
His victories long are past.  
King William's crown is faded now,  
Yet, this oak in pride will last.

The "Croyden Oaks" saw the glittering spears,  
As the Roman legions bold  
Wound their way o'er the British soil—  
They're fourteen centuries old.

An ancient pew near the meadow stands  
Where the Magna Charta was signed,  
'Twas then two centuries old 'twas said,  
This deed the pew enshrined.

The "Parliament Oak" where Edward First  
Held a parliament years ago,  
Has seen the deeds of a thousand years,  
Deeds of both joy and woe.

The old, gnarled cedars of the sacred East,  
In Lebanon these grow.  
They saw the deeds of ancient tribes  
Three thousand years ago.

And so, these ancient monarch trees  
Stand bravely forth today,  
Though kings and rulers long ago  
To dust have passed away.

Our grand, old forest patriarchs  
May smile at man's short life,  
Through centuries their lives extend,  
Through war and peace, and strife.



## AN ARBOR-DAY EXERCISE.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Any Number of Children.

**Characters:** Dryads, Farmer, School Children, Saplings.  
**Costumes:** Dryads, loose dresses of green, hair flowing. Farmer, blue denim overalls, gingham shirt, straw hat (trundles a wheelbarrow filled with earth in which a spade stands upright; when he stops to speak he drops the handles of the wheelbarrow); school children, ordinary costumes (carry books and slates); saplings, dresses of light green cheese-cloth. **Directions:** The Saplings are to be represented by the smallest children; they should sit on kindergarten chairs or benches at rear of stage until their turn comes to recite. The school children stand about in careless attitudes until time for them to recite, when they come forward near the Dryads, whom they address. When the Farmer enters the school children and Dryads make way for him, allowing him to pass in front of them.

*Dryads. (Enter right, march across stage once and back to center, reciting as they go.)*

Come to the wild-wood, come, O, come,  
 Where gay birds sing and brown bees hum.  
 Come to the wild-wood, come, straightway,  
 For Spring, sweet Spring, is here today.  
 Come to the wild-wood, hear, O, hear,  
 Robin sings now so loud and clear.  
 Come to the wild-wood, there, O, there,  
 All things are bright, all things are fair.

*School children:*

We cannot come to your wild-wood so gay,  
 Our lessons are here, and here we must stay.  
 Sometime, perhaps, when our lessons are done,  
 Out in your wild-wood we'll come every one.

*(Enter farmer, reciting as he comes:)*

Clear the way, now, come clear the way,  
 For don't you know 'tis "Arbor day"?

*School children:*

But tell us, O, tell us, my good farmer man,  
Where are you going, and what is your plan?

*Farmer (stopping at center.)*

Where am I going? Why how can you ask?  
To plant a young tree, today, is my task.  
To plant a green branch that some day will be  
From the sun and the rain a shelter so free.  
To plant a small twig that some day shall bide  
A thousand bird homes, no ill can betide.  
To plant a green sprig that some day will stand,  
A treasure untold, a joy to the land.

*Dryads and school children together:*

Then away on your mission, O, farmer so true,  
Not a moment we'll hinder the work that you do.

*(Exit farmer, but as soon as the saplings begin to speak he is seen peeping in from behind the scenes.)*

*The saplings now rise, come forward and stand in line while reciting in concert, giving movements as described below. If preferred the words may be sung to the tune "Bringing in the Sheaves."*

- (a) Tender little saplings,  
    Growing in the sun,
- (b) Playing with the breezes,  
    Merry, every one.

- Tender little saplings,  
    When the days are long,
- (c) Stretching and stretching,  
    Growing tall and strong.

- (d) When the wind is blowing,
- (e) See them swing and sway;

(f) Tiny branches tossing,

(g) Every leaf at play.

Now we're very slender,

But some day you'll see

Every little sapling

(h) Grown a tall, oak tree.

Then the happy songsters

(i) In our arms will rest,

And the mother birdie

(j) Build her cosy nest.

(k) Tender little saplings,

(l) Growing in the sun,

(m) Playing with the breezes,

(n) Merry, every one.

*Movements:* (A) Children stand in line, hands at sides. (b) Throw arms about. (c) Rise slowly on toes. (d) Make noise like the wind blowing. (e) Swing bodies from side to side. (f) Move arms quickly. (g) Move fingers quickly. (h) Raise hands high and look up. (i) Extend arms. (j) Put hands together, forming hollow place. (k) Join hands. (l) Raise joined hands as high as possible. (m) Move arms with hands still joined. (n) Clap hands, then join hands again quickly and stand until the Dryads and school children have recited their lines.

*Dryads and school children:*

Merry little saplings,

Well, we love them all.

(Enter farmer, stands listening and holds handles of wheelbarrow.)

Merry little saplings,

Though so young and small,

Watch and you will see them  
 Grow so tall and strong;  
 Wait and watch with patience,  
 It will not be long.

*Farmer:*

Well, I believe I'll join this crowd,  
 That is, if I may be allowed.

*(Moves forward slowly.)*

*School children:*

Come along, farmer, farmer, so true,  
 We'd all starve to death if 'twasn't for you.

*Dryads and saplings:*

Come along, farmer, our best friend are you,  
 You keep the earth green with your labors so true.

*(They all march off the stage in time to lively music in the following order: Dryads, school children, saplings, farmer trundling his wheelbarrow.)*

*[Used by courtesy of the publishers of "School Education" of Minneapolis.]*

## AN ARBOR-DAY MEDLEY.

BY ELLA M. POWERS.

For Thirty-three Children.

An exercise for thirty-three pupils, or it may be given by a smaller number if several of the speakers are allowed to appear more than once. Directions: The eight letters of the two words "Arbor Day" must be brought for this exercise by the same number of girls, each carrying a letter. These letters must be uniform in size and appearance. They may be made of pasteboard and may be covered with evergreens, flowers or gilt paper. The wands used in the drill must be sticks of uniform size covered with white paper and wound with leaves. The eight girls who carry the letters should wear white dresses trimmed with green leaves; or, if preferred, they may wear loose dresses made of green tissue paper, with caps of the same material.

## SONG BY THE SCHOOL. Air—Yankee Doodle.

Arbor Day has come at last,  
The long expected day.  
Now, we meet to greet you all,  
For spring is on the way.

*Chorus:*

Arbor Day has come at last,  
And we are bright and gay.  
All hearts join in happy songs  
To greet this Arbor Day.

Praise our Father, kind and good,,  
Whose love for us we see,  
Everywhere in Nature's dress,  
In flowers and birds so free.

*Chorus:*

As this day is passing by  
On memory's Arbor scene,  
We'll pluck flowers, flowers sweet,  
And plant the evergreen.

*(Four boys come upon the stage carrying green branches; they take their places in a line at center.)*

*First boy.* How grand are the forest domains of our beloved country, and how necessary it is that we should protect them. To prevent desolation and preserve the beauty of certain tracts of land, societies were organized and Arbor Day was instituted.

*Second boy.* The originator of Arbor Day was Mr. Smith, ex-governor of Nebraska. He knew that trees exert a large influence in equalizing rain-fall, that they have a favorable effect upon climate and preserve the natural fertility of the soil.



*Third boy.* Arbor Day was first celebrated in April, 1872, in Nebraska. The state of Kansas next adopted the day, and other states soon followed. It is now recognized as an established institution both in the United States and in Canada.

*Fourth Boy.* On Arbor Day the children all over the land may render a service which shall be a lasting benefaction. Let us remember that we plant for the future today.

*(Enter eight little girls, each carrying a letter for Arbor Day. They hold the letters on their breasts, and march single, across the stage singing the following song.)*

*Song: Air: Marching Through Georgia.*

Wave your branches o'er the earth,  
This is our song of mirth.  
Everything is green and bright,  
Old winters put to flight.  
Sing it loud and sing it gay,  
Sing it day by day,  
The bright spring-time has come.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! for Arbor Day has come,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! the spring-time now has come.  
Sing it loud, and sing it gay,  
Sing it all the day,  
For Arbor Day has come.

*(They come to left center standing in a line and each recites in her turn.)*

A.—Apple trees are my delight,  
With lovely flowers, pink and white.

R.—Rubber trees in the southland live  
And useful the product this tree does give.

B.—Birch trees so white, near bubbling springs,  
Among their branches the happy bird sings.

O.—The oak in majesty and strength does stand,  
The most venerable tree in all the land.

R.—The redwood trees are the giants of all,  
Stately and wonderful, grand and tall.

D.—Date palm trees are the trees for me.  
Straight and tall near the southern sea.

A.—The ash so stately and useful, too,  
I like thin buds of lovely hue.

Y.—The yew of old England is the tree for me,  
The solemn yew I love to see.

*All:*

All trees are good and beautiful,  
Each one is loved, we say.  
And we thank our God for every tree  
On this beautiful Arbor Day.

*(Enter twelve boys, each carrying a wand.)*

*First movement.* Grasp wand with both hands in front, lift up, horizontally, across the chest.

*Second.* Carry wand upward to top of head.

*Third.* Carry wand over head, letting it rest on back of neck, grasping it near the ends.

*Fourth.* Grasp wand at the extreme ends holding it as high as possible above the head. Carry it forward to the knees and back over the head four times.

*Fifth.* Turn wand and hold it, perpendicularly, in front.

*Sixth.* Hold wand to the right, to the front, to the left.

*Seventh.* Turn wand horizontally, hold it out in front as far as possible, back to waist line; repeat four times.

*Eighth.* Grasp wand with right hand only, placed vertically against right shoulder.

Repeat from first movement.

*(Eight girls and twelve boys retire to lively music.)*

*The next exercise may be given by either girls or boys. Six pupils come to center stage.)*

*First pupil.* *(Holding up a seed of any kind.)* This is the seed the wind sowed.

*Sec. P.* *(Holding up a leaf.)* This is the leaf that sprang from the seed the wind sowed.

*Third P.* *(Showing bud.)* This is the bud that followed the leaf that sprang from the seed the wind sowed.

*Fourth P.* *(Pointing to sunlight.)* There is the sunlight that shone on the bud that followed the leaf that sprang from the seed the wind sowed.

*Fifth P.* *(Showing flower.)* This is the flower of beauty rare, that grew in the sun that shone on the bud that followed the leaf that sprang from the seed the wind sowed.

*Sixth P.* *(Showing feathery ball of any sort.)* This is the feathery ball so fair, that burst from the flower of beauty rare, that grew in the sun, that shone on the bud, that followed the leaf, that sprang from the seed the wind sowed.

—*Youth's Companion.*

*Three children march to seats while school sings closing song, taken from Whittier's Poems. Air: Sweet Hour of Prayer.*

O, painter of the fruits and flowers,  
We thank thee for thy wise design,  
Whereby these human hands of ours  
In Nature's garden work with thine.

Give fools their gold, give knaves their power,  
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;  
Who sows a field or trains a flower  
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest  
And God and man shall own his worth,  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty to the earth.

*[Used by courtesy of New England Pub. Co.]*

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### BIRD TALK.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

**Costumes:** The costumes for this exercise may be simply a cap and shoulder pieces of the same color as the bird represented, or they may be made very elaborate, with skirt, jacket, sleeves and cap in fair imitation of the birds. In order to stimulate the study and observation of birds it might be well for the teacher to offer first, second and third prizes for the costumes most imitative of the birds represented. The exercise could be given at a public entertainment, the judges being chosen from the audience. The ten children march upon the stage in time to lively music, and stand in line, during the recital. As each one gives her lines she separates from the rest, coming to center, and at the close returning to her place in the line.

#### *The Crow:*

Caw, caw, caw,  
Early do I come,  
Before the wild bees hum,  
And thaw, thaw, thaw,

I say with my black throat,  
Promises in every note.  
Promises of spring,  
On my dusky wing  
Merrily I bring,  
With my "caw, caw, caw."

*The Robin :*

I am Robin red-breast, sweet.  
When we meet, when we meet,  
Don't you hear me say,  
"Cheer, cheer, cheer,"  
All the livelong day.  
Though the skies be dark and cold,  
Still my story sweet is told.  
"Cheer, cheer, cheer."

*The Swallow :*

Merry swallow on the wing,  
I'm the bird that brings the spring.  
Though no merry song have I,  
'Tis joy to watch me circle by.

*The Blue bird :*

Little blue-bird laggard comer,  
When I'm here, look out for summer.

*Meadow Lark :*

The meadow-lark I, piping so long,  
Piping all day, my sweet, mournful song.

*The Grosbeak :*

When the sun is sinking low in the west,  
List for the Grosbeak with rosy-red breast,  
Soft and low, soft and low,



A bird-land lullaby,  
Under the wing,  
While I sing,  
Each small, round head will go,  
As I warble lullaby.

*The Hermit Thrush:*

From the tree-tops tall,  
Where the cool winds rush,  
Hear my merry tune,  
I am the hermit thrush.

*The Oriole:*

A merry oriole am I,  
With my brown nest swinging high.  
All day long my song is falling,  
To my patient mate I'm calling,  
"Come my sweet, come my sweet,"  
While I still this song repeat,  
Merry Oriole am I.

*The Quail:*

From yonder fragrant, noiseless dell,  
Where maiden-hair in soft profusion grows,  
The whole day long, or dark or fair,  
My lifting music flows,  
"Bob White, Bob White."  
And many a country boy replies  
While watching me with eager eyes,  
"Wheat's ripe, wheat's ripe."  
O, summer days be long, be long  
And carry far my magic song,  
"Bob White, Bob White,"  
"Wheat's ripe, wheat's ripe."

*All:*

Birds of many a hue are we,  
Birds of many a song,  
Though wondrous in variety  
Fleet our wings and strong.

Happy birds with merry rhyme,  
Now we hail the summer time.

*(All march to seats in time to lively music.)*

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### THE HEART OF A TREE.

By H. C. BUNNER.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants the friend of sun and sky,  
He plants the flag of breezes free,  
The shaft of beauty towering high,  
He plants a home to heaven anigh,  
For song and mother-croon of bird,  
In hushed and happy twilight heard,  
The treble of heaven's harmony,  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again:  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage,  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see,  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants in sap and leaf and wood,

In love of home and loyalty—  
And far-cast thought of civic good—  
His blessing on the neighborhood,  
Who in the hollow of his hand,  
Holds all the growth of all our land,  
A nation's growth, from sea to sea,  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

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### HISTORIC TREES.

BY ADA SIMPSON SHERWOOD.

For Seven Boys.

#### *Charter Oak:*

In history we often see  
The record of a noted tree.  
We'll now some history pages turn,  
And note what trees we there discern,  
And foremost of this famous band,  
We think the *Charter Oak* should stand,  
We love to read the story o'er—  
How Andrus came from England's shore  
As governor in this new land,  
And ruled it with a tyrant hand:  
How, when he came to Hartford town,  
Demanding with a haughty frown  
The charter of the people's rights,  
All suddenly out went the lights,  
And, e'er again they reappeared,  
The charter to their hearts endeared  
Lay safely in this hollow tree,  
Guard of the people's liberty,  
All honor then to Wadsworth's name,  
Who gave to *Charter Oak* its fame.

*Liberty Elm:*

Another very famous tree  
Was called the Elm of Liberty.  
Beneath its shade the patriots bold,  
For tyranny their hatred told.  
Upon its branches, high and free,  
Was often hung in effigy  
Such persons as the patriots thought  
Opposed the freedom that they sought.  
In war time, oft beneath this tree  
The people prayed for victory ;  
And when at last the old tree fell,  
There sadly rang each Boston bell.

*Washington Elm:*

In Cambridge there is standing yet  
A tree we never should forget,  
For here, equipped with sword and gun,  
There stood our honored Washington,  
When of the little patriot band  
For Freedom's cause, he took command.  
Despite its age—its scores of years,  
Its lofty head it still uprears :  
Its mighty arms extending wide,  
It stands, our country's boast and pride.

*Burgoyne's Elm:*

When, in spite of pride, of pomp and boast,  
Burgoyne surrendered with his host,  
And then was brought to Albany  
A prisoner of war to be:  
In gratitude for his defeat,  
That day, upon the city street,  
An elm was planted, which they say,  
Still stands in memory of that day.

*The Treaty Elm:*

Within the Quaker City's realm  
There stood the famous Treaty Elm.  
There, with its sheltering boughs above,  
Good William Penn, in peace and love,  
The Indians met, and there agreed  
Upon that treaty, which, we read,  
Was never broken, though no oath  
Was taken, justice guiding both.  
A monument now marks the ground,  
Where once this honored tree was found.

*Tree from Napoleon's Grave:*

Within a city of the dead  
Near Bunker Hill, just at the head  
Of Cotton Mather's grave, there stands  
A weeping willow, which fond hands  
Brought from Napoleon's grave, they say,  
In St. Helena, far away.

*The Cary Tree:*

I'll tell you of a sycamore,  
And how two poets' name it bore.  
Upon Ohio's soil it stands.  
'Twas placed there by the childish hands  
Of sister poets, and is known  
As Alice and Phoebe Cary's own.  
One day, when little girls, they found  
A sapling lying on the ground.  
They planted it with tenderest care  
Beside this pleasant highway, where  
It grew and thrived and came to be  
To all around, the *Cary Tree*.



*All:*

We reverence these famous trees.  
What better monument than these?  
How fitting, on each Arbor Day,  
That we a grateful tribute pay  
To poet, statesman, author, friend,  
To one whose deeds our hearts commend,  
As lovingly we plant a tree  
Held sacred to his memory:—  
A fresh memorial, as each year  
New life and buds and leaves appear,—  
A living monumental tree,  
True type of immortality.

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### KNOW THE BIRDS.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

If I knew the words  
Of all the birds,  
I would say them over and over,  
If I knew one's song,  
As he speeds along,  
'Bove the daisies and the clover,  
I would tell it to you  
In tones so true.

But I cannot repeat  
These songs so sweet,  
Bird songs so dear and tender,  
I can only say  
This bright May day,  
List to the tunes that they render,  
And a pleasure new  
Will come to you.

When you've learned to know  
As the bright days go,  
Each bird by its own sweet singing,  
As you watch afar,  
Like a darting star  
The music so lightly winging,  
A treasure you'll hold,  
More precious than gold,  
Delight to you hourly bringing.

---

### THE NEST IN THE OLD GREEN TREE.

BY SYDNEY DARE.

Two little robins in Spring-time gay,  
Talked about making a nest one day,  
So snug and warm, so cosy and neat,  
To start out their housekeeping all complete,  
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,  
We'll build us a nest in the old green tree."

Then how they twittered and how they sang,  
As up and down in the boughs they sprang,  
Peeping and spying all 'round about,  
To find the cunningest corners out,  
Because it must be, you see, you see,  
The very best spot in the old, green tree.

At last the two little birdies spied  
The very best spot in the branches wide  
Cunningly sheltered, and hidden from view,  
By a spreading branch, yet airy, too,  
"Chippety, chippety, chippety wee,  
What a home we'll have in the old, green tree."

How they went flitting all in and out ! ,  
How they both twittered and chirped about !  
First they laid nice little twigs along  
For a good foundation, firm and strong ;  
Then Papa Robin, said he, "I'll find  
Something or other our nest to bind,  
For don't you see, it must be, must be,  
A good, strong nest in the old, green tree."

Down to the meadow he quickly flew,  
Where the grass was springing fresh and new,  
And said to a horse which was feeding there,  
"Good Dobbin, I want some nice, strong hair,  
If you don't object, from your waving tail ;  
It's better for me than hammer and nail,  
And we'll sing you a song in glee, in glee,  
As we build our nest in the old, green tree."

With a whinny, good Dobbin gave consent,  
And back to the tree busy Robin went,  
And worked at the nest with claws and bill,  
To bind it up tight with right good will.  
And now Mrs. Redbreast downward flies,  
A staid old cow in the field she spies,  
Swinging her tail with a lazy care,  
To switch off the flies she thought were there,  
"Good Mrs Brindle I would bespeak,  
Some nice, soft hair from your back, so sleek,  
I pray you give it to me, to me,  
To line my nest in the old, green tree."

So the saucy bird, without more ado,  
Just helped herself and then upward flew,  
Leaving with robin her treasure red,  
And down to the barn-yard lightly sped.

The turkeys and ducks and chicks came 'round.  
As soon as they heard the cheery sound,  
Of madame's "chirp" and they all agreed  
To give her what feathers she might need.  
Then who so happy as she, as she,  
When back she flew to the old, green tree?

And last of all, to old, white sheep,  
Down under a beech-tree half asleep,  
Our robin drew near, and there he spied  
A bonnie lambkin close at her side.  
"I'd thank you, ma'am, for some nice, soft wool,  
From your back so fleecy, white, and full,  
So that our nest it may be, may be,  
All snug and warm in the old, green tree."

Then, sheep and lamb in plentiful store,  
Gave, till robin could carry no more,  
Who, soon returning with downy spoils,  
Betook himself to his happy toils.  
Then both did labor so merry and fast,  
That each little corner was finished at last.  
And no one ever did see, did see,  
A nest like that in the old, green tree.

Five little blue eggs very soon were there,  
And Madame Redbreast could hardly spare  
A moment, for fear that the precious things  
Should miss the warmth of her sheltering wings.  
And when, in good time, each dear, little bird  
Hatched out, one by one, you never have heard  
Such "chippety, chippety, chippety wec,"  
As up in the nest in that old, green tree.

## SOME ARBOR-DAY FACTS.

For Eight Boys.

The boys, each carrying a small bough, take their places in line on the stage, and each recites his sentence in turn.

*First Boy.* Arbor Day originated in Nebraska in 1872. It has since been established by the legislature of every state in the Union, except Delaware.

*Second Boy.* Statistics show that there have been planted in Nebraska, since Arbor Day was established, over six hundred million of fruit and shade trees.

*Third Boy.* The Minister of Education, of the Province of Ontario, says, "Arbor Day has now become one of the most profitable and interesting holidays of the year."

*Fourth Boy.* Many educators declare that there should be in every school district in the land a "Shade Tree Planting Association."

*Fifth Boy.* Children should plant trees along the highways, if the work is not done by older people.

*Sixth Boy.* Children can persuade people to adorn church-yards and public squares with shade trees.

*Seventh Boy.* Trees should not be planted too near houses.

*Eighth Boy.* Trees should not be planted too near together.

*First Boy.* As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy.

*Second Boy.* Wood and gold are the basis of national wealth and, although we cannot always find gold, we can always plant trees.



*Third Boy.* Trees improve the climate by sheltering the ground so that it is warmer in winter and cooler in summer.

*Fourth Boy.* Trees shelter animals and homes from the winds of winter.

*Fifth Boy.* Trees furnish material for a great variety of things used by man.

*Sixth Boy.* The tree is the father of the rain, and the mother of the fountain.

*Seventh Boy.* The wealth, beauty, fertility and healthfulness of the country largely depend on our forests.

*Eighth Boy.* And now let us all go out and plant trees.

—*Journal of Education.*

---

### TONGUES IN TREES.

For Three Boys.

(Adapted.)

Each boy may carry a branch of the tree he refers to.

*Enter First Boy, coming to center of stage:*

The Elm in all the landscape green,  
Is fairest of God's stately trees.  
She is a gracious mannered queen  
Full of soft buds and courtesies.

*Enter Second Boy, also comes to center:*

But though her slender shadows play  
Their game of bo-peep on the grass,  
The hot kine pause not on their way,  
But panting to the thick oaks pass.

*Enter Third Boy, coming to center:*

And though the robins go as guests  
To swing among the elm's soft leaves,

When they would build their snug, round nests  
They choose the rough, old apple-trees.

*All:*

A lesson here for every child,  
Be not too fond of form and face,  
By seeming fair be not beguiled,  
Nor bow too low to outward grace.

*Third Boy:*

Though tall and grand the oak and elm,  
The robin builds not there his nest,  
But, as a shelter sweet, he loves,  
The rough, old apple-tree the best.

*All:*

But as a shelter sweet, he loves  
The rough, old apple-tree the best.

—*May Riley Smith.*

(Used by permission of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.)  
Co.)

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### TREE PLANTING.

BY LIDA B. McMURRY AND AGNES COOK.

O happy trees that we plant today,  
What great good fortune waits you,  
For you will grow in sun and snow,  
'Till fruit and flower freight you.

Your winter covering of snow  
Will dazzle with its splendor,  
Your summer's garb with richest glow,  
Will feast of beauty render.

In your cool shade with tired feet  
Pause, gladly, when 'tis summer,  
And rest like this will be most sweet  
To every weary comer.

*(From Songs of Treetop and Meadow, used by courtesy of Public School Publishing Co.)*

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## WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT A TREE?

BY HENRY ABBEY.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,  
We plant the mast to carry the sails;  
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,  
The keel, the keelson, the beam, the knee,  
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
We plant the houses for you and me.  
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors;  
We plant the studding, lath, the doors,  
The beams, the siding, all parts that be;  
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?  
A thousand things that we daily see:  
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,  
We plant the staff for our country's flag.  
We plant the shade from the hot sun free,  
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

# MAY DAY

IN MAY.

By JOHN BURROUGHS.

When grosbeaks show a damask rose  
Amid the cherry-blossoms white,  
And early robins' nests disclose  
To loving eyes a joyous sight.

When columbines like living coals  
Are gleaming 'gainst the lichened rocks,  
And at the foot of mossy boles  
Are young anemones in flocks.

When ginger-root beneath twin leaves  
Conceals its dusky floral bell,  
And snowy orchid shyly weaves  
In humid nook its fragrant spell.

When dandelion's coin of gold  
Anew is united on the lawn,  
And maple trees their leaves unfold,  
While warblers storm the groves at dawn.

When these and more greet eye and ear,  
Then strike thy tasks and come away;  
It is the joy-month of the year,  
And onward sweeps the tide of May.

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## MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

By CLARA J. DENTON.

For Five Boys and Five Girls.

Characters: Maggie, John, May, Fanny, Florence, Jennie, Charlie, George, Henry, Frank. (Frank must be taller than the other boys.) Costumes: White dresses and sun hats for

the girls; neat summer suits for the boys, with flowers in buttonholes. Scene: An ordinary sitting-room. Maggie discovered at rise walking about the room.

*Maggie.* Dear me, why *doesn't* it clear off? I never saw anything so provoking. (*Enter John.*)

*John.* Well, it might be worse, you know. (*Sits and takes up book.*)

*Maggie.* "Might be worse!" What a boy, how could anything be worse, I'd like to know, than to be all ready for a fine May day picnic, and then have the sky look like a great gray blanket stretched over our heads?

*John.* Well, it might rain, for instance, wouldn't that be worse?

*Maggie.* No, not a bit, it might just as well rain as to look like it all the while. (*Goes up, right, as if looking out the window.*) But, I declare, I do believe it is raining. (*Comes down, throws herself into a chair impatiently.*) Now *that* finishes our picnic.

*John.* Well, I told you—(*Loud noise of stamping feet and many voices behind the scenes.*) *Enter May, Fanny, Florence, Jennie, Charlie, George, Henry, Frank. All carry lunch baskets.*

*All.* (*Exclaiming.*) Here we are. (*Maggie and John rise to meet them.*)

*May.* Just in time, too; another minute and we'd have been soaked.

*Fanny.* Isn't this fine picnic weather?

*Maggie.* And just think of it, John said it might be worse!

*George.* Which is true, we might have been all caught in the rain.

*Florence.* I am sure we were pretty lucky in having shelter so near.



*Jennie.* (*Going up and looking from window*). Just see it pour. I do believe it's going to rain all day.

*Charlie.* (*Following her.*) All day! I think it's going to rain a straight week.

*Maggie.* O, well, take off your hats and let's have a good time; let's see. there are ten of us, we ought to manage to play something.

*Henry.* O, nothing goes on May Day but a May-pole. If we can't have that I don't want to do anything. (*Throws himself into chair and looks cross.*)

*Frank.* Well, let's have the May-pole, then.

*All.* A May-pole!

*Maggie.* There's the poker in the corner, you might use that. (*Laughter.*)

*May.* I see an umbrella.

*Charlie.* There's your father's cane.

*John.* There are Ned's golf sticks.

*Maggie.* Mother has a long-handled brush.

*Henry.* O, no, bring in the hat-rack and have done with it.

*Florence.* How would the broom do?

*Fanny.* Or the carpet-sweeper?

*Jennie.* Bring in a clothes prop.

*George.* O, no, take Frank, he proposed it, and he's just right for a May-pole.

*All close around Frank, exclaiming,* "That's right, that's just the thing."

*Frank.* All right, I'd just as soon be a May-pole as anything. I'll stand on this little table. (*Picks up a small table and puts in center of the stage, then mounts it*). Now join hands and dance around me if you want to, you're perfectly safe, I'll not fall over.

*Maggie.* O, but you must be trimmed. Whoever heard of a May-pole that wasn't trimmed?

*Frank.* Trimmed, not much, there may be a good deal of me, but I don't mean to be trimmed off if I can help it. (*Exit George.*)

*May.* O, come now, Frank, you know what we mean, come down so we can get at you, and—

*Frank.* Get at me, well, I guess not. By the way, you talk, my safety is only your *not* getting at me. (*Enter George dragging a long string of evergreens.*)

*Jennie.* O, see, George is bringing in the evergreens. Those were brought to trim the May-pole, and so, you must go the whole figure, you see.

*George.* Yes, Frank, there is enough here to go over your whole figure, so come, jump down, don't be bashful.

*Frank.* (*Climbing down.*) But what will you do to me when you get me trimmed?

*All.* Nothing, nothing.

*Florence.* We'll sing at you, and dance around you.

*Frank.* (*Groans.*)

*George.* Now put your arms at your sides, so. (*Puts his arms close to body.*) Hand me some string, John. (*George mounts chair and puts one end of the evergreen around Frank's neck. John hands string.*)

*Frank.* Ugh! That pricks. (*Pushes it off.*) If that's what you call trimming, I'll take mine plain, if you please.

*Henry.* (*Dragging American flag forward.*) Here, wind this about his neck first, it will make him look more patriotic, too. .

*Frank.* Yes, and now go aisy, if you don't, you'll see a "Pat" in "a riot," I tell you. (*All groan.*)

*George.* I'll jump the job if you get off any more like that. (*George winds flag about Frank's neck and brings it down around his body.*)

*Fannie.* You look more like Brother Jonathan than a May-pole.

*Frank.* O well, hurry up, you'll roast me to a turn. (*While George is tying the evergreens at his neck and winding them about his body all sing a lively song.*)

*George.* There you are, Mr. May-pole, now mount your pedestal again. (*Helps him to climb on the table again.*)

*Maggie.* Who ever saw so fine a May-pole?

*John.* Hope you're comfortable?

*May.* Who says we can't have a May-pole, in spite of the rain?

*Fanny.* Well, this is the way to make the best of things, isn't it?

*Florence.* Yes, indeed, come now, all hands around the May-pole. (*Holds out hands, Frank stoops down as if evergreen is pricking his legs. All scream.*)

*Charlie.* Look out, look out, step back, girls, if that May-pole falls on you, you're dead.

*Jennie.* Now, Frank, don't do that again. Who ever heard of a May-pole—

*George.* (*Interrupting.*) That couldn't stand up.

*Henry.* If you do that again we'll bring in the clothes prop and tie you fast.

*Florence.* Come, now, all hands around. We'll say the verse that we learned to repeat. (*All join hands and dance around pole.*)

*Girls:*

What shall we do in the month of May,  
When everything is growing, growing?

*Boys:*

When breezes soft are blowing, blowing.

*Girls:*

What shall we do in the month of May,  
When blue-birds swift are winging, winging?

*Boys:*

When robins sweet are singing, singing.

*Girls:*

What shall we do in the month of May,  
When apple-blossoms are shining, shining?

*Boys:*

And tender things are twining, twining.

*All:*

This shall we do in the month of May,  
'Neath apple-blossoms be gay all day.  
The whole world's shining,  
O, who'd be pining,  
All in the merry, merry month of May?

*Frank.* Wait a minute, I've just made up some new lines. (*They all stand, waiting.*)

What shall we do in the month of May,  
When cold, gray skies are raining, raining,  
When—

*Florence.* (*Interrupting.*)

Take Frank for a May-pole and do no complaining.  
(*They resume the dance.*)

*Frank.* O, come now, that isn't a bit polite, hold on, until I finish my poetry. What—(*A loud whistle is heard behind scenes.*) O, that's Jack, I'm off. (*He jumps down from the stand and rushes out, tearing off evergreens and flag as he goes. The others scream and rush after him, but he escapes. All return to center, laughing.*)

*Maggie.* Too bad; too bad, isn't it? We've lost—our May-pole.

*John.* Yes, but we ought not to complain. I'm sure he stood it like a little man.



*Florence.* He did, indeed. I wonder if he'll come back?

*May.* I do hope he will, he's loads of fun.

*Fanny.* But O, look, the sun is shining. We can go to the picnic, after all.

*Charlie.* So we can, gather up the traps. (*They pick up the evergreens and the flag, girls put on hats and take their lunch baskets.*)

*Henry.* I hope we'll find Frank.

*George.* Don't you worry, he'll find himself. He knows the way to the picnic grounds, and he's just as anxious to get there as any of us.

*Jennie.* Yes, and I shall not be surprised if he gets there first.

(*Exeunt, singing a lively song as they go.*)

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### MAY-DAY EXERCISE.

BY LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

For One Boy and Any Number of Girls.

**Characters:** Mother Earth, Dame Nature, Mr. Weathercock, May, Queen of May, Sunbeams, Flowers, Birds.

This exercise may be given in ordinary suits without any attempt at costuming, save that the Flowers, Birds and Sunbeams wear loose white dresses; or costumes may be assumed as follows: Mother Earth, loose dress of brown; Dame Nature, loose dress of brown, green, and blue, arranged in any fanciful way, with here and there patches of red and yellow; Mr. Weathercock, suit of bright yellow cambric; Sunbeams, loose dresses of yellow; the flowers, loose dresses the color of the flowers represented. Leaves of the plants, if possible, may decorate the hair and gowns; May, loose dress of green; Queen of May, white dress with train, crown of flowers, and a garland of flowers over the breast; Birds, loose dresses of various colors, no two alike.

*Mother Earth.* (*Enters, walking wearily.*) I'm fairly worn out. No sooner do I get the snow and ice settled for the winter, and the flowers safely tucked into their



beds, than up jumps the sun and hints that it is time for them to be stirring again, and, that I had better clear away the snow-drifts. Then, of course, everything goes wrong. The north wind comes blustering 'round, undoing all my work; the south wind, who ought to be at home helping me, goes scurrying off, no one knows where, so, even the flowers (*Dame Nature enters slyly from rear*) declare it isn't time to grow, and not one of them will stir. O, dear! such wayward children! They will break my heart. (*Sobs and wipes eyes.*)

*Dame Nature* (*coming forward.*) Truly, Mother Earth, your life is a hard one. But, come, cheer up, better and fairer days are coming, I'm sure.

*Mother Earth.* I hope so, for I tell you, I am getting discouraged. Just look at this old brown gown that I am wearing, and that disappointing spring dress-maker pretends she can't find green enough to finish my new one, and here it is more than half-past April by the season's clock. I don't know what to do with such children; they are getting beyond my control, and, unless there is a change very soon we shall have no May Day.

*Dame Nature.* Why don't you consult Mr. Weathercock? He may be able to send the south wind to help you.

*Mother Earth.* I will, and as good luck will have it, here he comes, now. (*Enter Mr. Weathercock.*) Good morning to you, neighbor.

*Mr. Weathercock.* Good morning, Mother Earth, and fair Dame Nature. What mean these anxious faces? Surely the springtime should bring only happiness.

*Mother Earth.* How can I be happy? I am worried to death.. Everything is late.

*Mr. Weathercock.* Yes, we have had a tardy spring.

My neck is quite stiff from trying to keep track of the winds. (*Tries to move head, and moves whole body.*)

*Mother Earth.* But do help me. What are the prospects for May Day?

*Mr. Weathercock.* (*Turning stiffly about in dire distress.*)

I'm looking north, I'm looking south,  
I'm glancing east and west,  
Dear, kindly Mother Earth, for you  
I'll try to do my best.

The warm, south wind will soon be here,  
I see him on his way,  
So summon from their wintry beds  
The flowers to welcome May.

*Mother Earth.* Thank you, Mr. Weathercock. Now, Dame Nature, if you will help me, we will try to waken the laggard flowers.

*Mother Earth and Dame Nature:*

Come, little flowers,  
Springtime is coming,  
'Tis time to arise,  
Flowers fair, flowers sweet,  
Open your eyes.

(*Enter Sunbeams, eight little girls.*)

*Sunbeams' Song.* Air, "*Rosalie, the Prairie Flower.*"

We are little sunbeams,  
Dancing here and there,  
And we've come to help you,  
Earth, so fair.  
We will wake the flowers  
From their winter's sleep,  
Send them hither May to keep.

*Chorus.* Yes, we are children  
 Of the shining sun,  
 See, he has sent us  
     One by one,  
 Pretty yellow pencils  
 Of golden light  
 We have come to waken night.

Come, my pretty flow'rets,  
 Open wide your eyes,  
 Winter's over, 'tis time  
     To arise.  
 Birdie in the tree-top  
 Sings his sweetest strain,  
 Springtime, springtime's here again.

*Chorus.* Now, they all have heard us  
 From their little beds,  
 See where one by one, they  
     Lift their heads.  
 O, my pretty flowers,  
 Sleep no more, I pray,  
 Come here and help us keep May Day.

*(Flowers peep in at door or entrance, then draw back  
 and others look in.)*

*Flowers. (Behind scenes.)*

Something's astir,  
 Hear the birds chirp and chatter.  
 What can it be? . Dear me, what's the matter?

*Sunbeams. (Going to R entrance.)*

Don't you know, lassies,  
 For each year that passes,  
 In spite of the work, there is time for play.

And, everyone has its own holiday,  
Cold winter is over, glad springtime is here,  
And that's what the chirping and chatter mean, dear.  
(*Behind scenes.*)

*Flowers:*

O, thank you, kind sunbeams,  
For telling the reason,  
But what is the holiday, pray, for this season?

*Sunbeams:*

Glad May Day, so famous in stories of old,  
So, wake from your slumbers, now winter is over,  
Come, lift up your heads, my bonny, red clover,  
Come, May flowers sweet, and buttercups bold,  
Come, dandelions, lift up your faces of gold,  
All come here together, my blossoms, so bright,  
Each one in your spring-time colors be-dight.

*Mother Earth.* I thank you, fair sunbeams, you have  
started the lazy flowers at last.

(*Six Flowers enter.*)

*Flowers:*

Good morrow, gentle Mother Earth,  
To you we make our bow,  
We heard the sunbeams call us,  
And so we greet you now.  
O, yes, we flower people.  
Have all come here, today,  
And we'll show you how to keep  
This spring-time holiday.

*Mayflower:*

See, I'm the little Mayflower,  
Beside the brooklet's brink,  
When spring-time winds are blowing,  
I lift my buds of pink.

*Arum:*

Within the woods you'll find me,  
The Arum—if you search,  
I preach to all the flower-folk  
Who care to go to church.

*Yarrow:*

I am the humble Yarrow  
And I am here today  
To show you how we flowers keep  
This happy first of May.

*Dandelion:*

See! I'm a Dandelion,  
So sturdy, strong and bold,  
The merry children laugh to see,  
My starry face of gold.

*Anemone:*

Because with all the breezes,  
I nod my head, you see,  
The children call me "wind-flowers,"  
But my name's Anemone.

*Buttercup:*

My name is little Buttercup,  
But you may somewhere read  
That the country folk in olden days  
Oft called me "Yellow-weed."

*Mother Earth:*

That was all well said, my fair little flowers,  
Come, rest for awhile within these shady bowers,  
For see, just behind you, with music and song,  
More gay flower-folk come trooping along.

*(They step to rear of stage.)*

*(Enter four more flowers to lively music.)*

Now, welcome, happy flowers,  
Fair harbingers of spring,



We're glad to see you coming—  
What message do you bring?

*The four flowers:*

We heard the wood-birds carol  
Upon the tasseled trees,  
And, so, we lifted up our heads  
To catch the passing breeze.  
'And then, we heard you calling,  
And so, we came this way,  
We bring your youngest daughter  
The merry month of May.

*(Enter May.)*

*Mother Earth.* You are welcome, dear daughter, beloved alike by young and old. *(May bows and steps to rear of stage.)*

*Dame Nature.* Of a truth, she hath a goodly presence, and you may well be proud of your daughter, Mother Earth. But why do you call her May?

*Mother Earth.* Her name comes from the Latin *Marius*, and that from the root, *mah*, to grow.

*Dame Nature.* Well named, indeed! She is a growing month and giveth new life and joy to all who greet her.

*Mother Earth.* Aye, and of old many curious rites and customs did usher in her coming. Even royalty itself did not disdain to seek the fields and woods and "fetch the hawthorn blooms" to crown the May Queen. The ancient Romans, too, held a spring-time feast in honor of the goddess *Flora*. Poets, too, have sung the praises of the merry month. Would you hear some of their words of praise?

*Dame Nature.* Indeed, it would please me right well.

*Mother Earth.* Come, fair flowers, can you tell us something of what has been said of May by the poets?

*Four flowers:*

Yes, dear Mother Earth,  
Gladly we will now say  
Words that have been said or sung  
Of the month of May.

*Mother Earth.* You first, Crocus, earliest flower of the Spring.

*Crocus:*

Now lilacs break out into buds;  
Now spicy winds are blowing;  
And 'tis heigho! the daffodils  
Down in the garden growing.

*Mother Earth.* Now, dear Lady-slipper, have you a pretty verse for us?

*Lady Slipper:*

May shall make the bud appear  
Like a jewel crystal clear,  
'Mid the leaves upon the limb,  
Where the robin lilts his hymn.

(*Frank Dempster Sherman.*)

*Mother Earth.* Now, Trillium, we will hear yours.

*Trillium:*

May with cowslip-braided locks  
Walks through the land in green attire,  
And burns in meadow-grass the phlox  
His torch of fire.

(*Bayard Taylor.*)

*Mother Earth.* And Daffodil, what have you to give us?

*Daffodil:*

April and May one moment meet,  
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;  
And breezes tell, and birds repeat  
How May and April love each other.

(*Lucy Larcom.*)

*(The other flowers now come forward accompanied by May and all repeat the next eight lines.)*

Time presses, and we may not stay  
To tell you all the words  
That poets oft have sung and said.  
For see! Here come the birds.  
Robins, bluebirds, swallows,  
Orioles, blithe and gay,  
See them come, O, see them come  
To welcome in the May.

*(Enter birds, as many as possible running, come to center and sing.)*

*(Song. Air, "Sing a Song of Sixpence.")*

Sing a song of birdies,  
Flying here and there  
In the shady woodlands  
Through the sunny air.

Sing a song of bird's nests  
Underneath the eaves,  
Nestled in the tree-tops  
'Mong the tender leaves.

Sing a song of bird's eggs  
Blue as summer sky,  
When their doors are opened  
Out the birdlings fly.

*(Flowers join in the song.)*

Sing a song of springtime,  
Merry month of May,

*(Enter May Queen.)*

And of flowers gathered  
Here to keep May day.  
Sing about the May Queen,  
*(She comes forward.)*  
Flower-crowned, you see.  
Gayest little lassie  
In the world is she.

There, our sovereign lady,  
Bow we unto thee;  
*(All bow in unison.)*

Birds and flowers together  
Vow thee fealty.  
*(All kneel in unison.)*

*May Queen:*

True and loyal, O, my subjects,  
You will ever be, I mean,  
So gay birds, and pretty flowers,  
Take the blessing of your Queen.  
(*Hands outspread.*)

## Mother Earth:

I, too, now would welcome  
The fair Queen of May,  
It is well you are here,  
Though you reign but a day.

*Dame Nature:*

Thy voice is as sweet  
As the low, rippling waters.  
My greeting now, to thee,  
May, fairest of daughters.

Mr. Weathercock:

My respects to your majesty, Queen of the May,  
For your sake, the winds shall be quiet today.

*May Queen:*

Thanks for pleasant words of greeting  
One and all have given me.  
I will try to be, my subjects,  
Worthy of your loyalty.  
But old Time goes hurrying onward,  
With him there is no delay.  
So, together let us frolic  
Through the shining hours today.  
Hand with hand, close locked together,  
Let us all at once advance;  
While our voices ring out gayly  
We will round the May-pole dance.

*(Mr. Weathercock brings May-pole forward from rear of stage and plants it in center. It may be decorated with ribbons as preferred. All join hands and dance around May-pole singing to the tune of "Buy a Broom.")*

The robin just whispered, O, springtime is coming,  
The flower's gay banners are all now unfurled,  
And down in the meadows, the bees are a-humming,  
For springtime, fair springtime's running the world.

*Chorus:*

We'll be gay! We'll be gay!  
See the bluebirds so gayly winging,  
And the robin lightly swinging,  
Their happy voices ringing,  
Singing, here is May.

*(Repeat from beginning.)*

*(Curtain.)*



# MEMORIAL DAY

## THE BOYS IN BLUE.

BY WM. M. GIFFIN.

Not for a moment do we forget  
The debt we owe to you.  
The solid Union, now our own,  
Came from you "Boys in Blue."

How proud we are to greet you here,  
Brave soldiers, good and true,  
We'll show in verse and happy songs  
All for the "Boys in Blue."

You must be proud this happy time,  
Dear soldiers, brave and true,  
To know the boys who wore "the gray"  
Have now put on "the blue."

A lesson this to teach the world,  
Kind soldiers, brave and true,  
That we can fight and then forgive,  
And all put on the blue.

Once more we feel that we are one,  
All soldiers brave and true;  
We'll fight for freedom and the flag,  
And dress the world "in blue."

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### COLUMBIA'S RECEPTION.

BY JULIA DICKSON.

For One Boy and Thirty-eight Girls.

Directions: Nuggets of gold can be represented by pieces of coal covered with gilt paper; the silver brick by a block of wood covered with tin foil.

The characters of the States should be taken by girls. When several states present the same production it should be represented in different ways. Thus, corn may be shown as stalks of corn, a basket of ears of corn, either ripe or green, according to season, a dish of popcorn, a large johnny-cake; cotton states, by rolls of batting, a bolt of muslin, a branch of cotton plant. The costumes of Columbia and Brother Jonathan are too well known to need description. The costumes of the states must be left to individual ingenuity, each one bringing out in his or her dress as much as possible the distinctive character of the state represented. Or, if preferred, they may all wear ordinary suits. Unity must, however, be presented, and if one costumes, all must, and the reverse. As the states enter, Columbia and Brother Jonathan meet them, calling them by name. As Columbia receives the gifts presented she places them on a small table near her provided for that purpose. The platform or stage should be arranged to represent a parlor and should be decorated with the national colors.

*Columbia (seated near a table).*

Yes, they're coming home today,  
My blithe and bonny girls;  
Some dusky look with midnight eyes,  
And some with flaxen curls.  
From northern lakes, from southern gulfs,  
From ocean slopes they come,  
And I today will grasp each hand,  
And bid them welcome home.

Long years have passed since I first settled on the shores of the Atlantic with my little family of thirteen, and now we are in number forty-five. One after another, homes have been planted in the far West. They have crossed the broad Mississippi, scaled the heights of the Rockies, traversed the arid plains, gone down the sunny slopes of the Nevadas, reached the Golden Gate, and, as the first beams of this morning's sun lighted up the homes of my Eastern girls, so tonight as he sinks into the ocean, his last fading rays will fall on the homes of those in the

far West, but they're all coming home today. I do hope Brother Jonathan will come; he cannot help being proud of so fine a family of nieces.

*(Enter Bro. J. Columbia rises and meets him at C.)*

Bro. J. How d'y do, Columby? I got your invitation, so I come along. S'pose u'll have a grand party, with everybody invited.

Columbia. O, no, brother Jonathan; only a little family party. Just home folks, you know. As I came in I was thinking over the past, of the struggles we had in establishing our home, the inconveniences and dangers of a new country, the anger of dear old Mother England at losing us, but, hardest of all, the trouble in our own home circle. Ah, that was hard. *(Buries her face in her handkerchief.)*

Brother Jonathan *(patting her on the back)*. Come, now, don't cry, Columby. Why, if I'd known this was to be a damp affair I'd have worn my rubber suit. Those troubles are all over now. Why should you weep for the past? We are prosperous now, and certainly ought to be happy. The children will not want to see you with a long face. Ah, there they come now.

*(Enter Maine, New Hampshire and Florida. All come to center.)*

Maine *(presenting pine bough to Columbia)*.

I bring to you no dainty palm,  
But hardy northern pine,  
Whose home is on Maine's snow-capped hills,  
That rock-bound land of mine.

New Hampshire *(presenting block of granite)*.

And I, from old New Hampshire's hills

A block of granite bring ;  
 And, like this granite, firm and strong,  
 Our love to you will cling.

*Florida (presenting basket of flowers).*

From our Southern home, fanned ever by breezes from ocean and gulf, I bring you fair flowers, emblems of all graces and virtues.

*(Enter North and South Dakota and Minnesota, each carrying wheat in various forms.)*

*North and South Dakota.* "From the land of the Dakotas."

*Minnesota.* "From the land of the Laughing Water."

*Bro. Jon. (Aside to Col.)* I should say from the land of handsome women.

*(As Columbia deposits gifts, enter Vermont, carrying maple syrup in a glass can.)*

*Vermont.* I bring no fine flowers, no golden sheaves ; my words do not flow in rhyme ; but, please accept this nectar fit for the gods, or, as they sometimes say in the West, "tree molasses."

*(Enter the two Carolinas, bringing rice and sweet potatoes.)*

*N. and S. C.*

Let Massachusetts eat her cod,  
 Connecticut her clams,  
 And Baltimore her oysters fine—  
 We cling to rice and yams.

*(Enter Michigan with copper and iron ores, and Ohio with cornucopia or basket filled with fruits and grains.)*



*Michigan.*

Go, count the green leaves of our forests,  
And number the sands on our shore;  
Our earnest and loyal good wishes  
Will outnumber them many a score.

*Ohio.*

From our northern lake shore, where the waves never  
rest,

To the south, where the broad river flows,  
Our fields smile with plenty, our gardens aflame  
With brightness of lily and rose.

Our homes are all peaceful, our sons ever true,  
Our daughters are loyal to thee,  
Beloved Columbia, forever the same—

“The home of the brave and the free.”

*(Enter Pennsylvania with a lighted kerosene lamp, and  
New York with butter and cheese.)*

*Pennsylvania.* We “Pennanites” do the best we can  
to *enlighten* the world; we do not put our light under a  
bushel, but let it shine, not so much to show our own  
good works, as to enable others to do good work.

*New York.* Of our many productions I could think  
of none that would be so acceptable and useful as this,  
the “golden head,” without which the “staff of life” is  
incomplete.

*(Enter New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, with  
fruits and vegetables.)*

*N. J., Del. and Maryland. (Together.)*

Happy are they who till our fields,  
Content with rustic labor;  
Earth does to us her fullness yield,



Whate'er may hap our neighbor.  
Well days, sound nights—ah, can there be  
A life more natural and free?

*(Enter Ten. with Cherokee rose.)*

I bring you a sprig of the Cherokee rose,  
And will tell you the legend old,  
When the cruel Spaniards drove from their homes  
Those Indians brave and bold;  
In each blood-stained track of the way-worn feet  
This wild, sweet flower sprung up,  
With its delicate leaves, its many thorns,  
And its fairy-like, milk-white cup.  
Each silken petal a maiden's sigh,  
A maiden weary and worn;  
Each golden stamen, a woman's tear,  
From a heart all broken and torn;  
Each stinging thorn an angry glance  
From eyes too proud to weep;  
From frenzied warrior's lips a curse,  
Heavy and bitter and deep.

*(Enter Kansas and Colorado with potatoes and beef.)*

*K. and C. (together).* In the midst of so much poetry,  
fruit and flowers, our gifts may seem homely and com-  
monplace, but, though less fanciful and elegant, there are  
times when plain beef and potatoes are most acceptable.

*(Enter Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, followed by colored boy carrying basket of oranges and bowl of slgar.)*

*Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas. (Together.)*

We come from the land where the wood-thrush greets  
The morn, with his notes wild and free,

Where the winds blow over the cornland sweet  
And the mockingbird sings in the myrtle tree,  
And our measureless, boundless, loyal love,  
With these gifts, we bring to thee.

*(Enter Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, with cotton.)*

From the fields of the sunny south we come to you,  
To gladly bring  
This offering.

And not more pure these gifts from there  
Than the love that in our hearts we bear  
To you, Columbia, mother, true.

*(Enter Massachusetts with daughter Boston, and Connecticut and Rhode Island. They present clocks, shoes, calicoes.)*

*Mass.* Since the days when John Alden admiringly watched the sweet Puritan maiden, Priscilla, at her spinning wheel, our spindles have been busy fashioning fabrics both useful and beautiful, somber and gay. In our borders the clang of the workshop, the hum of machinery is ever heard and steamers bear our merchandise to foreign shores. Today, my sisters Connecticut and Rhode Island, and myself, present to you some of our own handiwork, showing that your early teachings in thrift and industry have not been forgotten.

*R. Is.* And showing, too, that although I am the smallest of your children I am not the least in industry.

*Conn.* And showing also that my ingenuity is not confined to the manufacture of nutmegs.

*Bro J.* But now, let us have a song from Miss Boston. Come, my dear, give us a genuine old-fashioned song, none of your hifalutine screams, but an old-fashioned

ballad like, "Comin' Thro' the Rye," or somethin' along that line. *Song by Miss Boston. (All applaud at close.)*

*(Enter Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri with Conn. and recite together.)*

"It was late in mild October,  
And the long autumnal rain  
Had left the summer harvest fields  
All green with grass again.  
The first sharp frost had fallen,  
Leaving all the woodlands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbows  
Or the meadow flowers of May.  
Then wrought the busy harvesters  
And many a creaking rain  
Bore slowly to the long barn floor  
Its load of husk and grain,  
Till broad and red as when he rose  
The sun sank down at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell  
The day in brightness passed.  
Let other lands exulting glean  
The horny apple-pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The chester from the vine,  
But let the good, old crops adorn  
The fields our fathers trod;  
Still shall we for this golden corn  
Send up our thanks to God.

*(Enter Nevada with a silver brick and California with nuggets of gold in one hand and clusters of fruit in the other.)*

*Nevada.* Pray, accept this little gift. I also bring messages from my neighbors. Utah, Arizona and New Mexico who send greetings, and hope they may be present at the next gathering of your family.

*Calif.* From the far-off Pacific coast I come, and bring you these gifts, the product of our own soil, accept them as tokens of our loyal devotion. Our beautiful "Summer Land" is yours.

Our waving fields of golden grain,  
Our hills with flowers bedight,  
Our Margarita's blushing bells,  
Our Redwood's giant height!  
Our mountains, rivers, lakes, and rills,  
Sparkling in sunlight's glow,  
From San Diego's scorching sands  
To Shasta's peak of snow.

*Col.* My dear children, I fear I cannot find words fitting to express the pleasure your presence gives me, or to thank you for your kind gifts, and

"If all the songs that ever were sung  
Were mingled and blended into one,  
It never one half as sweet could be."

As the loving and loyal words you have spoken. In fact —

*Bro. Jon. (Interrupting.)* O, come now, Columby, this is no time for long speeches. Let's all sing something.

All sing "*Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.*"

(*Tableau.*)

(*Curtain.*)

—*Journal of Education.*

## FLAG SONG.

BY SARA F. ARCHER.

For Whole School.

Air—"Marching Through Georgia."

This may also be used as a recitation, given by a boy wearing the national colors and carrying a flag. When used as a recitation the chorus may be sung by the school as the boy returns to his seat. It is suitable for any patriotic occasion. Wave the flag at the close of each verse.

Bring the good old banner, boys,  
The emblem of the free!  
Fling its starry folds abroad  
That all the world may see!  
So it floated proudly o'er the sons of liberty,  
When they were fighting for freedom.

Here we see the scarlet strife that tells of gallant blood  
Poured on many a battlefield, a patriotic flood,  
Dewing with its gushing tide the heroes of the sea,  
When they were fighting for freedom.

White betokens purity, the watchword of the brave,  
Dying for a principle that all the world may save.  
Pure in heart and purpose sank the heroes to the grave.  
When they were fighting for freedom.

Blue the skies above us are, and gemmed with starry light,  
Blue for truth to God and man, triumphant for the right.  
Red and white, and blue they chose, these heroes of the  
fight,  
Chose for the badge of a freeman.

*Chorus:*

Behold! behold! the flag that floats above!  
And cheer! and cheer! the stars and stripes we love



How the Revolutionary soldiers won the day,  
When they were fighting for freedom.

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### KEEPING THE DAY.

BY JANE A. STEWART.

For Two Boys and Five Girls.

Opening song by the school; air, "Auld Lang Syne." (May be recited by a pupil if preferred.)

Bring flowers now to decorate  
In memory of the brave.  
The melting fragrance of the bloom  
Should rise above the grave.  
And we will sing a stirring hymn  
On this memorial day,  
To keep the heart of love awake  
For patriot blue and gray.

In numbers great, so brave and free  
Our heroes fought and died,  
Long since they laid their swords to rest  
Opponents, side by side;  
To them we pledge a promise deep,  
That ever on life's way  
A treasure next the heart we'll keep  
This sweet Memorial Day.

Reviewing their brave deeds again,  
We'll pledge another vow,  
That ever in our country's cause  
We'll stand allied, as now.  
That for our heroes' sake in youth  
Our age shall know no wrong,

That on the side of God and truth  
For peace we'll e'er be strong.

*Boy.* The influence of Memorial Day has been of the highest and best. The thoughts it calls forth are stimulating and inspiring. It is essentially a patriotic day. It is a holy day. Its tender and sacred memories lead the thoughts Godward. The beautiful flowers, "the illuminated scriptures of nature," draw as instinctively to communion with all things pure and beautiful.

*Girl.* It is well to point out that we should not allow Memorial Day to become a mere pleasant time. The years slip by. The events that the day should recall grow dim in the past, and we are in danger of losing its true meaning. As a holy day, not a holiday, Memorial Day is consecrated. It is invested with the enduring quality which outlasts time.

*Boy.* Memorial Day, as a heroic memory, is the most precious of our possessions. But the value of the day is not alone in its stirring recollections of valorous deeds done and victories won. It is not of Gettysburg and Manila that one thinks, but of the hundreds slain on battlefields, of the bloody engagements, the sickness, distress and all the harsh penalties of war. These are the haunting memories that belong to the day.

*Girl.* "A day of roses and regret," some one has termed this day. The roses will crumble and fade, but the regret can never pass away. Memorial Day is the pure, sweet blossom of war's aftermath. Its flowers gleaming upon the graves of dead soldiers are like "broken fragments of a rainbow" above hearts where rests the Divine covenant of peace.

## RECITATION FOR TWO GIRLS.

*(One carries a pine branch and roses; the other a palm branch and lilies. If there are busts or pictures of famous soldiers on the platform, the flowers should be placed before them at the close of the recitation.)*

*First Girl:*

Furl all your battle flags today,  
Each soldier "Reverse Arms,"  
For nature waves her flowery truce,  
And hushed are war's alarms;  
Through the pines of old New England,  
And the Southland's leaves of palm,  
Now, there comes a low, sweet murmur  
Like the echo of a psalm.

*Second Girl:*

The conflict fierce is ended now,  
The vict'ry well-won, too,  
No more the reveille shall call  
To arms the "boys in blue."  
Then lay your wreaths of fragrant fern,  
And twining immortelle  
O'er boys in blue, and boys in gray,  
Whose warfare ended well.

*First Girl:*

O'er all the white encampments  
The order softly goes,  
And today the Southern lily  
Blooms with the Northern rose.  
With flowers, buds, and blossoms  
God's acre is o'erspread

While Nature's fairest offerings grace  
The armies of the dead.

*Second Girl:*

"Death!" did you say? This is not death,  
For they are living still,  
They rally now to memory's call,  
Their deeds our bosoms thrill.  
The lives that, 'neath the battle flag.  
Rare blossoms did unfold  
Still waft their fragrance o'er the land  
As in the days of old.

*(Soft music is played while the flowers are being placed as before directed. Close with patriotic songs or well-played martial music.)*

—Jane A. Stewart.

*(Used by courtesy of New England Publishing Co.)*

### MEMORIAL DAY.

BY WARREN WINSHIP.

For Any Number of Children.

*Song. (Either solo or chorus.)*

"There Is a Land Immortal, the Beautiful of Lands."  
*(Found in most hymn-books.)*

*School Recitation.*

Peace to the brave who nobly fell  
Beneath our flag, their hope and pride!  
They fought like heroes long and well,  
And then, like heroes died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Forever sacred be their fame  
And green their honored graves.

—W. T. Adams.

*School Recitation:*

Through all history, from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs have fought fiercely and fought bravely for their country.

—Geo. Wm Curtis.

*Addres by Boy:*

The custom that led up to the observance of Memorial Day originated in the South before the close of the Civil War. Early in the spring of each year Southern women, filled with sympathy and sorrow, were in the habit of decorating the graves of their dead soldiers with flowers. They did not stop with their own dead, but remembered also the graves of the Northern soldiers who had fallen in battle and found a resting place in Southern graveyards. Little thought these tenderhearted women of the Southland, going about their ministry of love, with true Southern sympathy and thoughtfulness, that their kindly, compassionate action was a germ thought of good which would scatter its blossoms of love and mercy far and wide. The deed touched the popular chord of sympathy. State after state was caught on the wave of loving remembrance. On May 5, 1868, Gen. John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order fixing May 30th of that year for strewing with flowers the graves of dead soldiers. The Grand Army of the Republic gave its sanction to the custom by thus appointing a special day for memorial services in honor of our country's heroes.

*(Eight little girls wearing white dresses and red, white and blue ribbons march upon the stage and each recite in her turn.)*

1) Every village graveyard has its green mound.



- 2) These are consecrated graves.
- 3) They hold the dust of heroes.
- 4) Let us always approach them with reverent steps.
- 5) From their solemn evidence speak inspiring voices.
- 6) Our country was worth their sacrifice.
- 7) Theirs was a noble life.
- 8) Theirs was a sacred death.

*In Concert:*

“Bring laurel wreaths, and blossoms sweet and rare,  
To grace their graves who tried to save the land.”

*(Appropriate song, solo or chorus.)*

*(Four boys come to stage and each recites in his turn.  
They should wear the national colors, or small flags.)*

1) Memorial or Decoration Day is set apart to the memory of the soldiers and the sailors who died in the Civil War; therefore, let us keep the day soberly and solemnly, not with revelry and feasting. Let us keep it as becomes a great nation in honor of those who enabled it to become what it now is.

2) The fact that Memorial Day has been made a legal holiday in nearly all the States, is a distinctive tribute to the honored “boys in blue.” Let us also honor them by thanking our Father above for a re-united and prosperous country.

3)     Bring flowers to strew again  
       With fragrant, purple rain  
       Of lilacs, and roses white and red  
       The dwellings of our dead, our noble dead.

4) We mourn for all, but each doth think of one  
      More precious to the heart than aught beside,  
      Some father, husband, son or friend,  
      Who came not back or coming, sank and died.

*Recitation: Little Nan's Offering.*

The great, wide gates swung open,  
The music softly sounded  
And loving hands were heaping the soldiers' graves with  
flowers,  
With pansies, pinks and roses,  
And pure, gold-hearted lilies,  
The fairest, sweetest blossom that grace the springtime  
bowers.

When down the walk came tripping  
A wee, bareheaded girlie,  
Her eyes were filled with wonder, her face was grave and  
sweet;  
Her small, brown hands were crowded  
With dandelions yellow,  
The gallant, merry blossoms that children love to greet.

O, many smiled to see her,  
That dimple-cheeked, wee baby  
Pass by with quaint intentness as on a mission bound.  
And, pausing oft an instant,  
Let fall, from out her treasures,  
A yellow dandelion upon each flower-strewn mound.

The music died in silence,  
A robin ceased its singing,  
And in the fragrant stillness a bird-like whisper grew.  
So sweet, so clear, so solemn,  
That smiles gave place to tear-drops,  
"Nan loves 'oo, darlin' soldier, an' here's a f'ower for  
'oo."  
(*A True Incident.*)

*Song. Decoration Day. (Air: "America.")*

This is a day of peace,  
Let party hatred cease,  
And bitter strife.  
Let Peace her scepter sway  
'Throughout our land today,  
May pride be swept away,  
And love be rife.

Long may our banner float  
O'er graves, near and remote,  
Where rest the brave.  
And while of them we sing,  
Our grateful offering  
Of garlands bright we bring  
For every grave.

*(Four older pupils of either or both sexes come to the stage.)*

- 1) Breathe balmy airs, ye fragrant flowers  
O'er every silent sleeper's head.
- 2) Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,  
Their country's joy, their country's pride.
- 3) For us their precious lives they gave  
For Freedom's sacred cause they died.
- 4) Let fragrant tributes, grateful, tell  
Where live the free, where sleep the brave.

*All:*

These brave men now are sleeping,  
While their deeds in memory live,  
And the tribute we are bringing,  
'Tis the nation's joy to give.

*(Song by school or quartette.)*

*Recitation by older pupil:*

Fair, cherished flag, thy folds shall lean  
Today o'er graves flow'r strewn and green.  
Thy stars and stripes once blood-besprent,  
With precious lives their hues were blent,  
High 'mid the battles conflict seen,  
Their shrouding forms in death serene:  
Heroes who lay in peaceful mien,—  
In thy defence their blood was spent,  
Fair, cherished flag!  
Infold them in thy glory's sheen,  
Soldiers who died their memory green;  
Heaven's canopy their still, white tent;  
Brave host by Freedom forward sent!  
They loved thy colors well, I ween,  
Fair, cherished flag!

—*Louisa P. Hopkins.*

*Recitation.*

*(This may be given either by one or four pupils as most convenient.)*

Once again the flowers we gather  
On these sacred tombs to lay  
O'er the graves of fallen heroes  
Float the Stars and Stripes today.

Swiftly, now, the years are rolling  
While the honor and the fame  
Of the valiant brave increases,  
And more dear each noble name.

They are nobly crowned and sainted,  
Who with grief have been acquainted  
To make a nation truly free.

And how can man die better  
Than facing fearful odds,  
For the ashes of our fathers  
And the temple of his gods?"

*Exercise by teacher (or older pupil) and school.*

*Leader:*

Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the judgment day;

*School:*

Under the laurel the Blue,  
Under the willow the Gray.

*Leader:*

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;

*School:*

Under the roses the Blue,  
Under the lilies the Gray.

*Leader:*

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;

*School:*

'Broidered with gold the Blue,  
Mellowed with gold the Gray.

*Leader:*

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the judgment day;



*School:*

Under the blossoms the Blue,  
Under the garlands the Gray.

*Leader:*

Under the sod and the dew  
Waiting the judgment day.

*School:*

Love and tears for the Blue,  
Tears and love for the Gray.

(*Song: The Star Spangled Banner.*)

—Warren Winship.

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### MEMORIAL DAY BLOSSOMS.

BY JENNIE D. MOORE.

Bring hither the scented blossoms,  
In clusters of pink and white,  
Hither, where billowy, heaving,  
The green mounds meet our sight.  
The grassy mounds that cover  
Heroes now passed away,  
Who fought and bled. To our honored dead  
A tribute fit we pay.

To our noble heroes. Bravely  
They breasted the tide of war,  
Mid smoke and flame and carnage,  
On battlefields afar.  
Faced death at the mouth of cannon,  
Where thickly the shot and shell  
In heavy showers, death dealing,  
Around and o'er them fell.

Many the hearts that sorrow  
For those who, 'mid the fray,  
Laid on their country's altar  
Their lives; who marched away  
In the first fair dawn of manhood,  
Loyal, and true, and brave,  
But who calmly sleep, while loved one's weep  
Over each soldier grave.

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### MEMORIAL FLOWERS.

BY SADIE S. PALMER.

For Four Girls.

Each speaker should carry a bouquet of the flowers.

- 1) A bunch of fragrant violets  
As my offerings I've brought,  
True blue, as were the soldiers  
When for the right they fought.
- 2) I bring the golden buttercups,  
So hardy and so brave;  
What flowers can be more fitting  
To deck a soldier's grave?
- 3) I bring a bunch of daisies,  
Some humble grave to crown,  
As innocent as the pure, young lives  
So willingly laid down.
- 4) This bunch of purple lilac  
As my offering I bring;  
'Tis fragrant as the memory  
Of those whose praise I sing.

*All.* We've often heard the story  
Of how the brave men fought,  
And as a tribute of our love  
These flowers we have brought.

We will ne'er forget the soldiers,  
And when we've passed away,  
May other hands the flowers bring  
Each Decoration Day.

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### MY COUNTRY'S FLAG.

BY WILLIAM WOOD.

This recitation is equally suitable for Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Washington's Birthday, or other patriotic occasions. It may also be sung to the tune of "America."

My country's flag I see,  
Emblem of liberty,  
Cheerily wave.  
Shine, stars forever bright,  
Stripes represent the right,  
Red, blue, and purest white  
Inspire the brave.

Float o'er the city's crowd,  
On country cabin proud,  
Blest banner, fly.  
Curb all unhallowed wrongs,  
Cheer all our toiling throngs,  
Thrill every heart with songs,  
Proclaim God nigh.

When evils flood the land,  
 And the dangers thickly stand,  
     Boasting of might.  
 Wave, banner of the free,  
 Wave on, in majesty,  
 Float over land and sea  
     For God and right.

Turn back the evil host,  
 Of liberty we boast,  
     But not of wrong.  
 Float proudly in the light,  
 Guiltless in Heaven's sight,  
 Conquer by means of right,  
     Thy power prolong.

---

### UNFORGOTTEN.

BY MARY E. P. STRATTON.

I stood by a grave where a soldier boy lay;  
 The mocking-birds sang in a copse o'er the way,  
 And from their soft throats a requiem grand  
 Stole out o'er the face of that fair, southern land.

Gently the zephyrs caressed the still place,  
 Fanned the Jack roses and kissed each fair face,  
 While o'er the shade of that city of death  
 Cape jess'mine wafted its sweet-scented breath.

Softly the sun shed its loving rays down,  
 Touching the spires of that old southern town.  
 And over the shaft which shadowed his head,  
 The flag of confed'racy bowed low its head.

I thought of the years that had traveled apace,  
Since the roar of our guns disturbed this still place,  
Of all the brave hands which that far-distant day  
Had shouldered the arms of the blue and the gray.

And of the dread strife and sectional hate  
That stained the fair page of a nation so great.  
I thought could they only have counted the cost,  
Would love have been slain and peace have been lost?

I turned to the shaft so straight and so fair,  
Withstanding so long in solemnity there  
The elements' fury, and this did it say,  
"He died at Mount Lookout in orders of gray."

I silently, reverently bowed o'er his bed,  
And mingling my tears with the bloom at his head,  
Whispered this prayer o'er that sanctified spot,  
"May love be remembered and hatred forgot."

As time's endless cycle turns 'round every year,  
Releasing its buds for a season so dear,  
And we lower our flags Memorial Day,  
May their colors "half-mast" o'er the "blue and the  
gray."

May we as brothers forget "North" and "South."  
May hatred have died at the cannon's dull mouth,  
And out of the ashes of sorrow and pain,  
May peace resurrected forevermore reign.



# FLOWE DAY

## WHAT THE ROSES SAID.

BY MYRTLE COON CHERRYMAN.

For One Boy and Five Girls.

Characters: Red Rose, Yellow Rose, White Rose, Moss Rose, Wild Rose, Gardener. Directions: The stage should be made as "bowery" as possible with palms and other green plants. Some vases must be placed on small tables at rear of stage in which the Gardener places the roses that he carries. Chairs for the Roses are placed at center, a large and handsome one for the president. Costumes: The girls representing the roses wear loose cheesecloth dresses corresponding in color to the roses represented. The Moss Rose dress is pink, with a deep trimming of the proper shade of green around the bottom of the skirt. The Wild Rose also wears pink, but of a more delicate shade. Care in choosing the shades of these gowns will add much to the general effect. The Gardener wears overalls and blouse and straw hat. (This character must be taken by a boy who can sing well.)

*(Enter Gardener carrying a large bouquet of roses. As he distributes these in the vases about the room he sings to the tune of "Rosalie, The Prairie Flower" the following:*

### *Song.*

- I.       Never more complaining  
          Of the thorns that grow,  
          Since my careful searchings  
          Roses show.  
          Yes, I'll cease repining,  
          Since from Hand Divine  
          Bright and fair the roses shine.

### *Chorus:*

O, yes, be thankful!  
That the roses grow,  
Where the thorns are hiding,  
Hiding low.

Roses, roses, roses,  
Thorns may pierce the while  
Still on roses sweet I smile.

2. Cruel thorns are nothing,  
When the rose we hold,  
Better far than diamonds,  
More than gold,  
O, we thank the giver  
Of all perfect things  
For the joy a sweet rose brings.

*Chorus.*

*(Exit Gardener R.).*

*Enter White Rose. (L.)* Dear me, here it is June again, and the roses are to meet as usual. I do hope they will find some one else for their leader. *(Sits in small chair, wearily.)* It does not seem possible for me to assume the responsibility again. If it were not for the thorns that will come uppermost now and then, I shouldn't mind. But as long as the world stands, I suppose roses will have thorns, just as humans have faults. I have heard that humans try to conquer their faults. I suppose in the same way we roses must keep our thorns covered up with our beautiful, smooth, satiny leaves. Well, it is a serious task. *(Sighs.)* But hark, some one is coming.

*(Enter Yellow and Wild Roses singing to the air "Precious Jewels.")*

We are roses, blooming roses,  
We brighten the summer.  
We are roses, blooming roses,  
We cheer every comer.

*White Rose.* (*Rises and greets them.*) How glad I am to see you. I began to fear no one was coming but myself.

*Yellow Rose.* O, you can always depend on us.

*Wild Rose.* Will many of the sisters be here?

*White Rose.* I fear the meeting will be a small one. There is so much trouble among the humans this summer\*; that the poor roses are blooming themselves nearly to death in order to make the lives of the humans more endurable.

*Wild Rose:* I wonder if that stuck up American Beauty will be here this year, I'm sure I hope not.

*Yellow Rose.* Yes, and La France, too, we invited her to be present with us this year, you remember.

*White Rose.* No, they both sent letters of regret.

(*Enter Red Rose and Moss Rose.*)

But here come Red Rose and dear little Moss Rose.

(*They all greet each other.*)

*Red Rose.* We are not late, I hope?

*Wild Rose.* But are none of your relatives coming?

*Red Rose.* No, I represent the red roses this year.

*Moss Rose.* And I am the only delegate from my family tree, but—

*Wild Rose.* O, come, now, don't try to be English, you know American roses don't grow on trees at all, but just on common bushes.

*Moss Rose.* Well, "bush," then, and Tea Rose, and Climbing Rose, and Baltimore Belle. You can't say they grow on bushes, Miss Wild Rose, and—

*Wild Rose.* (*Interrupting.*) Neither do they grow on trees.

---

\*Mention any event that is agitating the public mind.

*Moss Rose.* (*Shaking her head at Wild Rose.*) As I was saying, and a number of others whose names I can't remember, but who are down in the florists' catalogues as belonging to us, sent their regrets and say that they are so busy getting out buds that they cannot possibly get away from home.

*Red Rose.* Well, then, let us begin; come, dear White Rose, take the chair and call the meeting to order.

*White Rose.* O, do let us have a change. I am tired of being president.

*All.* No, no, no.

*Red Rose.* We must have you for president, dear White Rose. We could not think of having any one else, besides, you represent all the colors in yourself.

*Moss Rose.* Yes, and you are so much better and calmer than the rest of us.

*White Rose.* Calmer, perhaps, but I'm sure not better.

*Yellow Rose.* Yes, she was right, better is the correct word, and gentler and sweeter I would add.

*Wild Rose.* And more dignified and graceful, too, so, now, dear White Rose, we have all spoken and, you see there is nothing for you to do but remain as our leader.

*White Rose.* So it seems. Well, then, we will open our meeting. (*Takes the large chair, Wild Rose sits beside her, the others take seats near by.*) Miss Wild Rose, we will listen to the minutes of the last meeting.

*Wild Rose.* (*Rising.*) If you please, Madam President, I had my minutes all made out in beautiful form. I wrote them with a quill from a robin's wing, on a big, smooth plantain leaf, with some blue, fairy ink that I



found in an acorn cup, but just as I was setting out for the meeting a rascally crow carried off the leaf when I laid it down to open my parasol. But I can give you the gist of what was written on the leaf. We met last June, as usual, and talked a lot, and sang a song and went home.

*White Rose.* Do the minutes stand approved?

*Wild Rose.* I am sure I approve of my part of them. What's the use of fussing over what we did a year ago, anyway? Leave that for the stupid men to do in their meetings.

*White Rose.* Don't be too thorny, Wild Rose. Remember, your special work for the past year was to keep your briers in the background and so, keep from hurting people.

*Wild Rose.* O, yes, I remember only too well, because the very first thing I did after the convention was to scratch a man's hands so that they bled.

*(All exclaim, O, Wild Rose, too bad, etc.)*

*White Rose.* But I am sure, dear, Wild Rose, you were sorry as soon as you had done it.

*Wild Rose.* That's the worst thing about it. I wasn't sorry a bit. You see, the man was trying to kill a poor, lame rabbit, the little thing had hurt its feet so that it couldn't run away from the man, and he kept trying to hit it with stones. When he reached down near me to get a big stone I scratched his big, bad hands with all my might.

*(Applause and delighted exclamations.)*

*White Rose.* So I hope the rabbit got away.

*Wild Rose.* Indeed it did. I sacrificed a few of my briers, and the man had to stop and pick them out.



When he was all right again the rabbit was nowhere to be seen.

*White Rose.* I am sure you will be forgiven for that deed, little Wild Rose. I hope you did not have to use your briars in that way again.

*Wild Rose.* Well, no, not exactly, but I did tear a young lady's pretty white dress. (*Cries of "O, O, too bad," etc.*) But you ought to have seen her, she was making fun of another girl just ahead of her, who wore a dress that was neat and pretty, but all out of style. O, I just ruined the proud girl's dress. I heard her say nothing could be done with it. She didn't think of making fun of any one after that.

(*Cries of "served her right."*)

*White Rose.* You seem to have had quite a lively time, little Wild Rose.

*Wild Rose.* Yes, and soon after that a poor young artist painted me. I did my best to show a bright face for him, he looked so good and so seedy. He told me in great confidence that he wouldn't get any new clothes until he had the money to pay for them.

*Red Rose.* I would like to ask Madame President if the picture was a success.

*Wild Rose.* O, yes, the English Sparrow told me all about it, she lived right next door to the poor artist and she said it not only sold for a good price, but brought him orders for more pictures.

*Yellow Rose.* That must be the picture that I heard about yesterday, one of our family went to a reception, and she said there was a picture of a Wild Rose hanging on the wall that was very much admired. One of the critics said it looked as if it could talk. Think of it!

*Wild Rose.* Yes, isn't it strange what queer ideas humans get of us? I s'pose that critic thought himself the only prickly thing in the world that can speak. I'd have them know that *I* can talk.

*Moss Rose.* Yes, too much sometimes.

*White Rose.* Come, come, no thorns, remember. Now, Red Rose, what can you tell us of your last year?

*Red Rose.* I had a most interesting year. My bush had been planted by a kind lady in front of a children's hospital. Last year was the first of our blooming, and, O, what sights we saw from our corner—pale, little faces peeping from the window, weak, little bodies hobbling out to the porch on crutches, it was enough to make a rose shake off all her petals in pity.

*White Rose.* But you didn't drop your petals, did you?

*Red Rose.* No, indeed, we had to bloom our best to bring the smiles to those pale little faces, and, sometimes, one of us would be picked and taken in where the little sufferers could catch a glimpse of our bright color. How happy that made the lucky rose.

*White Rose.* Yes, indeed, for there is nothing sweeter than to give pleasure to a sick child. And, now, Moss Rose, what have you done since last June to make the world better?

*Moss Rose.* I am afraid I haven't done much, for I hadn't many blossoms, but those I had, were as nearly perfect as I could make them, and my moss was beautiful, it was so soft and green. Some of my blossoms were made into a bouquet and carried by a sweet girl graduate. She held me close to her while she gave her valedictory, and I tried my best to help her.

*Wild Rose.* How? By pricking her when she forgot her lines?

*White Rose.* No, indeed. I'm sure Moss Rose's presence was enough to help the young girl to be brave and self-forgetful.

*Moss Rose.* Yes, for although the people sent her up lovely bouquets, after she was off the stage she kissed us, and said, "You dear Moss Roses, I could never have gone through it, if it hadn't been for you, you made me forget myself."

*White Rose.* How delightful, no one could ask for sweeter praise than that. And now, Yellow Rose, what can you tell us?

*Yellow Rose.* Some of my roses were sent to a beautiful lady who was about to sing at a concert. She cried over us for they made her think of a dear, dear friend who had died, and who had once given her just such roses.

*White Rose.* How sad, but surely you made her happy after that.

*Yellow Rose.* Yes, for she said to us, "Dear flowers, do you bloom right on day after day in the sun or rain?" We said, "yes," as plainly as we could. Then she asked, "and do you live all through the cold winter and come out so brightly in the spring?" and we bloomed, yes, yes, as hard as ever we could. "Ah," she said, "I can be brave as well as you." Then she went to the concert and, holding us in her hand, sang better than ever before. The people said her songs were never before so glad and cheering.

*White Rose.* How delightful to help such people, and I know you dear Roses have told only a small part of

the good that you have done. I have a letter here from La France Rose which begins, *Ma chere Rose blanc*, but that's all that I can read of it, for I don't know much French.

*Moss Rose.* I move we lay it on the table. We all know what La France has done. She's been to balls and theatres and dinners and wilted before the evening was half over.

*White Rose.* And has made her wearers more gentle and kind for her presence, every time. American Beauty writes that she has had such a very busy winter, that most of her plants need to rest, now. All the greenhouse roses, she says, have fulfilled their usual missions among the rich and have done their best to carry peace and purity with them everywhere.

*Moss Rose.* But, dear president, you haven't told your story yet.

*White Rose.* Mine is very short. My bush grows near a fine mansion where a rich, cross old man lives. He never knew I was there until last summer his widowed daughter and her little girl came to live with him. One day, when my first blossom appeared, the little girl delightedly picked me. Although I tried to keep my thorns out of her way one ran against her dear, little finger, and made the blood come, and also the tears. Then she saw her grandfather coming down the steps, looking very cross, but she ran to him, smiling through her tears and said, "O, Grandpa, I picked this pretty rose for you, and I scratched my fingers, too."

*White Rose.* What did the old wretch do then? Scolded her, I suppose, for picking his only rose.

*White Rose.* No, at sight of the tiny, bleeding finger,



and the sweet rose picked for him, he caught the child in his arms, and kissed her while the tears ran down his own cheeks.

*Wild Rose.* O, don't, don't. Have you forgotten that tears ruin my complexion?

*Yellow Rose.* I shall certainly wilt if you don't stop telling cry-stories.

*Red Rose.* Tears are very bad for me, too, just see how I droop already. (*Stoops over.*)

*Moss Rose.* But White Rose is smiling. I'm sure there's a laugh part to that story.

*White Rose.* Indeed, there is, and this is it. The old man ceased to be a cross, old man, but became gentle and loving, and with his own hands took so good care of me, that my blossoms were the wonder of the town. I never knew until then how much love can do.

*All.* Dear White Rose, you are always the best of all of us.

*White Rose.* No, you have all done your best.

*Moss Rose.* Well, you see we have to do good deeds in order to make up for the sharp thorns that we wear. Sometimes I think perhaps our kind acts make up for the thorns that were put on Jesus' head.

*White Rose.* That is a sweet thought, dear Moss Rose, and that reminds me of something that a poet said once, "Men saw the thorns on Jesus' head, but angels saw the roses."

*White Rose.* O, I wonder if the angels see the things we do?

*All.* Of course, of course.

*White Rose.* O, dear, then they saw me prick the hands of that bad man. (*Sobs.*)



*White Rose.* Yes, dear Wild Rose, but remember, angels are not like people. People see only the actions, but angels see deeper, they see *why* the actions are done, so, they knew that you scratched the bad man's hands to save the poor, lame rabbit, so they will love you for the very act for which people might blame you.

*White Rose.* O, you dear White Rose, how you comfort me, thank you so much.

*Moss Rose.* O, O, I hear the gardener coming. (*The roses hurriedly hide behind the large chair. Gardener crosses stage, singing one verse of song previously given, as he disappears, roses come forward.*)

*Moss Rose.* Dear me, I was so frightened. What would he have said if he had seen us?

*Wild Rose.* Said we were a fine bouquet, just what he wanted, I presume.

*Yellow Rose.* We'd never, never have got away from him.

*Red Rose.* No, indeed, never.

*White Rose.* Let us not think of what might have been. We are all safe and sound, and ready to return to our busy lives in the world. Let us sing, as we part to meet again next June.

(*They come to center, standing in a cluster and sing song to the air, Bright Jewels. Exit slowly at beginning of last four lines.*)

*Song:*

We are going,  
We are going  
To cheer with our fragrance.  
Now, list to our tune.

We're as fresh as the morning,  
This old world adorning  
All fragrant with gladness  
God's message to June.

# CLOSING DAY

## THE BEST PLACES.

For Three Boys and Five Girls.

Characters: Marion, Grace, Hattie (a very little girl), Lucy, Julius, Harry, Charlie, Edith.

*Marion:*

I'm going next week to a place full of flowers,  
Papa has bought it, and so it is ours.  
Where are you going? Do tell me, Grace?

*Grace:*

I am going to a splendid place,  
Where flowers are thicker than hops, and the birds  
Sing so well, you almost can make out the words.  
Hattie, dear, tell us where you mean to go?

*Hattie:*

Why, 'course where mymamma does—don't you know?

*Lucy:*

What a queer answer—as if the wee elf  
Could trot off to some place, all by herself.  
*I* know where we're going, it's close by the sea,  
And it's just as nice there as a place can be.  
We shall bathe, we shall swim, we shall duck and dive,  
We shall sail, we shall fish, we shall walk and drive,  
I tell you, I know there's nothing we *shan't* do,  
Just as I know there is nothing we *can't* do.

*Julius:*

Pooh! we are going to do better than that,  
I just hate the seaside, the country's so flat,  
We're going 'way off to the mountains so high,  
That when you're on top you can just touch the sky.  
They're a thousand miles high (or maybe it's feet,)

We go off on picnics with good things to eat,  
Chicken-pies, doughnuts, cakes and sandwiches, too,  
It's perfectly splendid, with nothing to do.

*Harry:*

But, we shall go riding on top of the hay.

*Lucy:*

And maybe get sunstruck some bright shining day.

*Harry:*

I've never been sunstricken, never at all.

*Charlie:*

But you may be, you know, between now and fall,  
I'm going to travel as much as a mile.

But, now, what have I said that makes you all smile?  
I'm sure it's dull in one place the whole season.

*Edith:*

O, Charles, do you think so? Is that the reason  
You will not go up to the Catskills with us?  
For my part, I hate all the bother and fuss  
Of packing and packing, my dresses and sleeves.

*Charlie:*

But, I don't wear dresses, my dear, if you please.

*Katie:*

I'll go to a farmhouse, there's nothing like that.  
They've ten cows, three ponies, a dog and a cat.  
They have hens, they have chickens, sweet milk and  
bread,

You'd better all go, if you want to be fed.

*Edith and Julius:*

The mountains, the mountains, I know they are best.

*Lucy:*

I stand up for the sea. Now, what say the rest?

*Marion:*

Each place, I suppose, is the best for each one.  
Wherever we go, we'll surely have fun.

*All:*

All our places are the best.  
Go we east, or go we west.

— *The Riverside Magazine.*

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### COMING.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Listen to the story  
Earth and sky and air,  
With their many voices,  
Carol everywhere.  
Yonder robin sitting  
On an apple spray,  
Tells it over loudly,  
Hear his roundelay—  
“Vacation is coming, coming, coming!”  
Isn't that the song  
He is singing, singing  
All the bright day long?  
  
The breezes too are hastening,  
Bearing far and wide,  
This delightful story  
Of the summer tide.  
O'er and o'er they tell it  
O, the royal news,  
Freedom of the summer  
And all its sweets to choose,



"Vacation is coming, coming, coming!"

That is what they say,  
Telling me of frolics  
All the livelong day.

Even the leaves are whispering,  
Hear the murmurs low;  
All my merry gambols  
Words cannot foreshow.

"Vacation is coming, coming, coming!"  
When these words go 'round,  
Do you catch the music  
Lingering in the sound?  
With the summer coming,  
Stored so full of joy,  
Tell me, aren't you wishing  
You could be a boy?

---

## FOURTH OF JULY

### THE FLAG GOES BY.

BY HENRY H. BENNETT.

This may be used for any patriotic occasion.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The Flag is passing by.

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines,

Hats off!

The Colors before us fly!

But more than the Flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,

Fought to make and to save the state;

Weary marches and sinking ships;

Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Days of plenty and years of peace;

March of a strong land's swift increase,

Equal justice, right and law,

Stately honor and reverend awe.

Sign of a nation, great and strong,

To ward her people from foreign wrong.

Pride and glory and honor, all,

Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

And loyal hearts are beating high,

Hats off!

The Flag is passing by.

---

#### FOURTH OF JULY.

To be given by a small boy wearing a costume of red, white and blue, or he may wear an ordinary suit and drape his body in a large American flag.

I'm the *Fourth of July*, and quite often I hear,

That I am the noisiest day in the year.

Well, what if I am? It pleases the boys,

And, what would a Fourth of July be without noise?

It's only one day in the three-sixty-five,  
And I'm anxious to show that I'm really alive.  
So, off goes the cracker, the cannon, the gun,  
And the more noise they make, the greater the fun.

It's only one day, so let me make riot,  
All the rest of the year, I have to "be quiet."  
It's only one day, but it means I am free,  
And shows that a nation has won liberty.

—*Anonymous.*

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### A FOURTH OF JULY COUNT.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

*One* was a little boy, happy and spry,  
Who jumped out of bed on the Fourth of July.

*Two* was the number of minutes he spent  
Dressing himself, ere to breakfast he went.

*Three* were the mouthfuls of breakfast he ate,  
Before he dashed through his father's front gate.

*Four* was the day he was keeping, you know,  
None of the fun did he mean to forego.

*Five* was the number of nickels that lay  
Safe in his pocket, but not long to stay.

*Six* were the crackers so long, round and red:  
Because of those six he was soon tucked in bed.

*Seven* the number of burns he could feel,  
Plastered was he from his head to his heel.

*Eight* were the dollars the doctor was paid,  
For medicine bought and brief visits made.

*Nine* were the days in his room he was kept,  
*Nought* were the minutes and hours he slept.

But, now, I am told, by people near by,  
He has counted the days to this Fourth of July,  
And we know just as sure as the clock strikes ten,  
That he'll do the same thing all over again.

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### FOURTH OF JULY EXERCISE.

BY ALICE H. FARNSWORTH.

For Four Boys and Four Girls.

Costumes: Leader (a boy), ordinary suit, knot of red, white and blue ribbons in buttonhole. Firecracker (a boy), strings of firecrackers must be hung on his dark suit; he wears a cylindrical hat covered with bright red cloth, and having a fuse sticking out at the top, the whole looking like a huge firecracker. Fourth of July (a girl), wears a red dress with shoulder knots of tiny flags; a large figure 4 made of torpedoes is sewed in the front of her dress. Girl wearing red dress. Girl wearing white dress. Girl wearing blue dress.

*(Enter Leader, who comes to center of stage and recites.)*

*Leader:*

Fourth of July is coming,  
A great day for the boys;  
Full to the brim of rejoicing,  
And fireworks and noise,  
Then we can blow our trumpets,  
And each can shoulder his gun;  
O, friends, I tell you, it's glorious  
This day of noise and fun.

*Enter Firecracker:*

My name is Firecracker, friends,  
I herald the Fourth of July.

I'm somewhat red, for it's summer time,  
And the sun is very high.

(*Draws out red bandanna handkerchief and wipe;  
face.*)

*School. (With spirit.):*

Hurrah, hurrah,  
The sun is very high.

Hurrah, hurrah,  
That's the way on the Fourth of July.

*Firecracker:*

I am much sought by boys and girls,  
When the glorious day draws nigh.  
I'm noisy, it's true, but, that's the style  
On the dear, old Fourth of July.

*School:*

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The dear old Fourth of July.  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
That's the way on the Fourth of July.

*Enter Fourth of July:*

I am here.

Maine from her farthest border gives the first exultant  
shout,

And from New Hampshire's granite heights the echoing  
peal rings out.

The mountain farms of staunch Vermont prolong the  
thundering call:

The Bay State answers: "Bunker Hill"—a watchword  
for us all.

Rhode Island shakes her wet sea-locks, acclaiming with  
the free,

And staid Connecticut breaks forth in joyous harmony.



The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,  
Is heard from Hudson's towering banks to Erie's crowded shore.  
Still, on, the booming valley rolls o'er plains and flowery glades,  
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid gulf invades;  
There borne from many a mighty stream upon a mightier tide,  
Come down the swelling, long huzzas from all that valley wide,  
And wood-crowned Allegheny's call, from all her summits high,  
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky;  
While on the shores and through the swales round the vast inland seas,  
The Stars and Stripes 'midst freedmen's songs are flashing to the breeze.  
Yes, when upon the eastern coast we sink to happy rest,  
The Day of Independence rolls still onward toward the west,  
Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of Jubilee  
That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic Sea.

—George W. Bethune.

*Leader.* Fourth of July, tell us how our country is prospering.

*Fourth of July.* Her progress is unequalled by any nation. She has grown not only in size and numbers, but in virtue, knowledge, reputation and wealth. Each time I make my yearly round, I find new signs of her greatness. She is wise, but destined to be wiser; great,

but destined to be greater; and good, but destined to be better. The loyalty of her people to God, to their country, and to themselves will be the watchword of her prosperity. (*She sits near center of stage and Firecracker stands near her.*)

(*Enter boy in ordinary suit, who comes to center and recites.*)

Land of the forest and the rock,  
Of dark blue lake and mighty river,  
Of mountains reared aloft to mock  
The storm's career, the lightning's shock;  
My own green land forever!

O never may a son of thine  
Where'er his wandering steps incline,  
Forget the skies which bent above  
His childhood like a dream of love.

—Whittier.

(*Bows and exit.*)

(*Enter three girls dressed in red, white and blue, respectively. The center girl carries a large flag, the others hold the ends of tri-colored streamers which depend from its staff. They march around the stage while the school sings one verse of the song, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." At the close of the singing they stand near center of stage.*)

*Boy enters and recites:*

O, glorious flag, red, white and blue,  
Bright emblems of the pure and true.  
O, glorious group of clustering stars,  
Ye lines of light, ye crimson bars,  
Once more your flowing folds we greet  
Triumphant over all defeat;

Thenceforth in every clime, to be,  
Unfading scarf of liberty,  
The ensign of the brave and free.

*Girl in red recites:*

Red stands for justice and strength, and this dye on the  
folds of our banner  
Ever reminds us that here, in the land of the states close  
united,  
Justice and strength are at home, and peace and pro-  
tection will give us.

*Girl in white recites:*

The bands of white beneath these red folds gleaming  
Mean purity of purpose and of life;  
Let us not soil them by ignoble actions,  
When we, full grown, have entered on the strife.

*Girl in blue recites:*

Blue is the emblem of truth, and this is the message  
that the azure in our flag has for us,

“To thine own self be true,  
And it shall follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

—*Shakespeare*

*Tableau:*

(*Fourth of July and Firecracker in center. Girls with  
flag standing behind them. All march off stage to  
patriotic airs.*)

—*Journal of Education.*

(*Used by courtesy of New England Publishing Co.*)

# THANKSGIVING DAY

## BOB'S AND TOM'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Two Boys.

*(Bob enters R. Tom enters L. They meet in center of stage. Both wear hats.)*

Bob. Hello, Tom!

Tom. Hello, Bob!

Tom. Our teacher says we should say, "Good morning," instead of "hello." Don't you remember?

Bob. Yes, I remember, now, but I didn't before. It's easy enough to remember when some one is telling you something that you mustn't forget.

Tom. Yes, and it's easy to forget when no one remembers to tell you not to forget.

Bob. O, my! You mix me up so, that I can't tell whether I remember to forget or forget to remember. But, any way, Tom, let's try the "good morning" style.

Tom. All right, here goes.

*(They both lift their hats, bow politely and say "good morning.")*

Bob. I believe that does sound better. But, where are you going?

Tom. To church. Where are you going?

Bob. To church! Why, how funny! This isn't Sunday.

Tom. I know it. Where are you going?

Bob. To my Grandpa's, but, what makes you go to church?

Tom. Why, don't you know what day it is?

Bob. Of course. I do. It's Thanksgiving Day. That's the reason I'm going to my Grandpa's.

*Tom.* Yes, and that's the reason I am going to church.

*Bob.* O, but you're a funny boy, will they give you a fine dinner at church?

*Tom.* No, but is that all Thanksgiving Day is for?

*Bob.* (*Slowly.*) Well, I suppose, it does mean a day for "giving thanks," is that why you go to church?

*Tom.* Certainly.

*Bob.* But, when those old fellows—

*Tom.* O, come, now, you shouldn't speak that way of the Pilgrim fathers.

*Bob.* I suppose not, it isn't very respectful. But when they started Thanksgiving Day, doesn't history say that they "feasted?"

*Tom.* Of course, I suppose it's all right to have a fine dinner, but if we're to copy the Pilgrim fathers we ought to think about something more than the good things to eat.

*Bob.* I do, I think about the game of baseball that is to be played out at the park this afternoon.

*Tom.* Then, where does the Thanksgiving come in?

*Bob.* O, pshaw, Tom, you'll have to be a minister, some day, you're so fond of preaching.

*Tom.* No, I'm afraid I'll never be good enough for that, but you ought to have heard my father talk about gratitude this morning.

*Bob.* Gratitude? What's that?

*Tom.* Thankfulness. Father said a man who forgets a person who does things for him is despised by every one.

*Bob.* That's so. You remember I let Phil Miller use my skates all last winter, and when he had a present



of a new bicycle last summer, he wouldn't let me even touch it.

*Tom.* Yes, and all the boys and girls, too, geyed him about his manners.

*Bob.* I should say they did, called him "piggy wiggy" and asked him how long the "bristles were on his back."

*Tom.* Yes, and there isn't a boy or girl at school that likes him, now. I have heard lots of them say he ought to let you ride his wheel whether he let any one else or not.

*Bob.* I know, he has made every one down on him just by that one thing.

*Tom.* That's just what father was talking about this morning. He said we despise ingratitude when a man or boy shows it to another man or boy, but we think nothing of it when we ourselves are ungrateful to the Giver of all the blessing that we have.

*Bob.* That's true. I know I have a lot of good things that I never think about being thankful for, but I just believe I'll change right now. I suppose I can be thankful if I don't go to church, can't I?

*Tom.* Indeed, you can, but, I wish you were going with me, it isn't far from here.

*Bob.* I would go if I could, but you know I have to be at the R. R. station at half-past ten, the rest of the folks are going on the street car. They'll be there first if I don't look out. But I tell you, Tom, I'll think about being grateful as I go along. Yes, and I'll think about it all day, too.

*Tom.* It will be a Thanksgiving Day for you all right then. but there goes the church bell, good-bye.

*(Moves off R.)*

*Bob.* I must hurry, too. Good-bye. *(Moves off L.)*

## CHARLIE'S POP-CORN.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Two Boys and One Girl.

**Characters:** Charlie, his mother, Irish Tim (must be larger than Charlie). **Costumes:** Charlie, old suit, clean, but patched; mother, faded calico wrapper, shabby shawl, hat much out of style; Irish Tim, ragged suit, old shoes. **Scene:** Plain living-room, table in center.

*Enter Charlie R., carrying a large pan full of pop-corn, common market basket hangs on his arm.)*

*Charlie.* My! but this is fine. I never saw corn pop out better. Now, if this doesn't sell I shall be surprised. *(Puts pan and basket on table, takes some paper bags from the basket and lays them on the table, then with a large spoon he fills one of the bags from the pan of pop-corn. When the bag is even full he places it carefully in the basket and continues this "business" until the basket is filled with the full bags.)* I do wonder how many bags full I can get out of this pan of pop-corn. I can get five cents a bag easily. *(Eats a kernel.)* My! but it's good, no rancid butter in that. If I can sell twenty bags that means a whole dollar. *(Enter Mother L.)* O, Muzzy, there you are, are you tired to-night?

*Mother.* *(Hanging up shawl and hat.)* Not so tired as I am sometimes, the dear lady where I sewed to-day gave me a ticket to ride home, but what are you doing? What lovely pop-corn. *(Charlie gives her a handful, she sits on R. of table.)*

*Charlie.* You know Irish Tim that lives back in the alley, don't you, Mother?

*Mother.* Indeed, I do, no one could live in this neighborhood long, without knowing Tim, the jolliest, best-natured boy in the world; except my Charlie.

*Charlie.* He's a great deal better than I am, mother. I have no reason to be anything else but pleasant, for you are always kind and loving to me, but poor Tim, he hardly ever gets a loving word at home.

*Mother.* But, what has your present work to do with Tim, surely you don't mean to feed all that pop-corn to him?

*Charlie. (Laughing.)* No, indeed, mother, though I really believe he could eat it all, but, it's just like this. Tim doesn't know anything about Thanksgiving.

*Mother.* But, I still don't see what that has to do with pop-corn. I should think he'd learn about Thanksgiving at school.

*Charlie.* So he would, but you know he never goes to school long at a time. The truant officer finds out about him every little while and makes his father send him to school, then, when they have forgotten about it, his father takes him out again, so to-day, when I was telling him about Thanksgiving Day, and the nice program we were to have at school, he said, What's Thanksgiving Day? Just think of that, mother?

*Mother.* And did you tell him?

*Charlie.* Of course I did. And I thought maybe I could sell this pop-corn and—

*Mother. (Interrupting.)* O, I see, and so make a little extra money and ask Tim to share our Thanksgiving dinner. *(Smiling.)* Haven't I guessed right?

*Charlie. (Going to her and putting his arm about her.)* Indeed, you have. Muzzy, dear, what a good guesser you are.

*Mother.* But you know, Charlie, you cannot sell pop-corn anywhere in this town except on the trains, and

that is something that I have never wanted you to do.

*Charlie.* But, mother, I'll be so careful, I'll not get on until the train is dead still, and you know it always stands here a long while, so I'll have plenty of time to go through all the coaches. I'll take my papers with me, too, and it may be I can sell a few of those.

*Mother.* I have always been so opposed to it, Charlie.

*Charlie.* I know you have, mother, dear, but I said to myself, mother wouldn't let me do it to get anything for myself, but I'm just sure she'll let me risk it for the sake of getting something for some one else. You see, I know you, mother.

*Mother.* Yes, dear, for however poor I may be, I hope I may always be willing to give something to those poorer than myself.

*Charlie.* Well, I guess you'd think Irish Tim filled that bill if you could go to his house once, or hear him tell what he had for breakfast.

*Mother.* Pure shiftlessness, there isn't one of the family that works steadily, though there is plenty of work to be had.

*Charlie.* I know it, mother, but my teacher said last Sunday that the Bible didn't say a word about being good just to the poor who worked and saved, "worthy poor," she called them.

*Mother.* (*Laughing.*) She did, eh? Well, maybe she is right, and, as long as you are willing to do extra work to pay for Tim's dinner, you may have your own way.

*Charlie.* That's a good mother. (*Whistle heard behind scenes.*) There comes Tim, now. (*Enter Tim.*)



*Tim.* An' how do yez do this aivin, Charlie? What wer's that yez doin'? Ixcuse me, mum? (*To mother.*) I didn't say yez at fust. (*Bows politely.*)

*Mother.* Tim, tomorrow's Thanksgiving Day, and we want you to come and take Thanksgiving dinner with us.

*Tim.* Och, thin thank yez, mum, indade an' I'll do that same, f'r I niver had a 'Thanksgivin' dinner in me whole loife. (*Charlie fills his hands with pop-corn, which he munches eagerly.*)

*Mother.* Don't expect turkey and cranberry sauce, *Tim.* It'll only be chicken and apple sauce.

*Tim.* An' shure, mum, why should I ixpect torkey when I niver come nixt or nigh wan, bet Charlie, don't yez hear me axin' yez whatever yez air a-doin'?

*Mother.* He's going to peddle pop-corn on the 6 o'clock train. I have never let him go, before, I am so afraid of accidents. But, I have told him he may go this once.

*Tim.* But, why can't I be a-doin' that same thing whin Charlie's in skule? Shure, I'm bigger'n Charlie, an' I'm as used to the trains as I am to me own dure yard. Um, if I jist knowed how to make the shtuff as good as this, I'd be afther doin' ut, I'm tellin' yez.

*Charlie.* I tell you, Tim, there are three or four jars more left in the pantry, and tomorrow, after dinner, I'll show you just how to make it. It's easy to learn.

*Tim.* Och, but it's a foine kid yez air. Mebbe I'll arn a big lot o' money wid me pop-corn and buy an ortermobile, thin Charlie, we'll roide arround a bet, but now, I must be afther me paapers. Ain't yez comin' wid me, Charlie?



*Charlie.* Don't wait for me, Tim. I must finish this, but I'll be along pretty soon.

*Tim.* Whoopla! Bet ut's the millinayer. I'll be pretty soon wid me pop-corn. (*Turns hand spring near L. entrance and exit.*)

*Charlie.* So, mother, you see Tim is willing to work. He sells lots of papers, too.

*Mother.* Yes, and now, if you could only persuade him to go to school.

*Charlie.* I'd have to persuade his folks, and I'm afraid that's too big a job for me. He'd never stay out a day if he had his own way about it. You just ought to hear the foolish little things they keep him out for, but there, Muzzy, my basket is full, and now I'll have to hurry to get my papers and get to the station in time. so good-bye, Muzzy, dear, don't worry about me. I'll be awfully careful. (*Takes basket on arm and exit.*)

*Mother.* (*Rising.*) I'm proud of my boy, so anxious to help others, even though a poor, fatherless child, himself. I hope he'll sell every kernel, and I think he will, then, Tim will not only have a good dinner, but a new way to earn money. More than that, I don't mean to be outdone by my boy, I'll speak to Mrs. Moore in the morning about Tim; her husband has something to do with the schools, and we'll see that Tim goes regularly after this. Then if he becomes a good and useful man, he can thank the *Thanksgiving dinner and Charlie's popcorn.*

(*Curtain.*)

## FATHER TIME'S THANKSGIVING.

BY WILLIS N. BUGBEE.

For Thirteen Children.

Characters: A boy to represent Father Time and twelve smaller children to represent the months.

Costumes: Father Time wears a wig and long beard made of flax or wool. He carries a large sickle, or scythe with short blade. This should be made of pasteboard and covered with gilt or silver paper. An hour-glass may be worn at the waist. The other children are dressed according to the month each represents. It is preferable that March, May, June and August be represented by girls, and that July, October, November and December be represented by boys. The others are optional. The hair thrown loosely over the shoulders indicates the work of the March winds; a white dress suggests the balmy days of June; the sickle (pasteboard) at the waist and the sheaf of grain are emblems of the August harvest.

Scene: The stage may be tastily decorated with corn, small bundles of grain, and other products of the farm. Flags add beauty to the decoration and blend sentiments of patriotism with those of thanksgiving.

*(Enter Father Time, who advances to the front of the stage.)*

*Recites:*

I need not introduce myself  
In sentences sublime,  
For I am sure that all of you  
Have heard of Father Time.

Yes, I am he. Don't be surprised  
To see these locks of gray, *(Strokes his hair)*  
For mine has been a busy life,  
With little time for play.

The things that I have seen and heard,  
I could not tell you all;  
I've seen men come, and seen men go,  
I've seen great empires fall.

The world is like a stage to me  
Where actors play their parts,  
Where men strive hard for wealth and fame  
And for the love of hearts.

And so it is, the whole world o'er,  
In every land and clime;  
Yet I shall see them all depart,  
For I am Father Time.

*(November trips across the stage. Father Time espies him just as he is about to leave again.)*

November, with your airy steps,  
A moment tarry here.

*November:*

May I of service be to you,  
'Twill please me, Father, dear.

*Father Time:*

Deep in my heart I much desire  
That you will go and call  
From secret haunts, and woodland ways,  
Your brothers, sisters, all,

That we may keep Thanksgiving Day  
As these good people do.

*(Waves hand toward audience.)*

The day is yours, the honors, too,  
Will all belong to you.

*November:*

Your words, with joy, my heart do fill,  
And I will haste to do thy will.

*(Exit.)*

*Father Time:*

Methinks 'twill do my heart good,  
My children dear too meet,

To hear their merry voices all  
Ring out in songs so sweet.

*(Enter months, from left, in natural order, January first. They march to a position midway between front and back of stage. Father Time takes his position at the right of stage and a little in advance of the months.)*

*All:*

We come, dear Father, at your call,  
We come most cheerfully.

*Father Time:*

Now would I have you name the gifts  
Which you have giv'n to me.

*January:*

We love to tell the humble gifts  
Of which our father speaks;  
I bring fresh sports and frosty air  
That make the ruddy cheeks.

*February:*

I am the smallest of the twelve,  
As we stand here in line,  
I, too, bring cheery winter sports,  
And the dainty valentine.

*March:*

I bring the lusty, gusty wind—  
Do you not hear it blow?  
But no one minds the warm south wind  
When it carries off the snow.

*April:*

I come with soft and gentle showers  
That fall on plain and hill,  
That swell the little babbling brook  
And turn the busy mill.

*May:*

I bring the birds that gaily sing  
Through all the golden hours;  
I place the foliage on the trees,  
And bring a host of flowers.

*June:*

I bring the sortest, balmiest days,  
And evenings as well,  
That lovers choose for pleasant walks,  
Within the quiet dell.

*July:*

A famous birthday is among  
The many gifts I bring,—  
That day that made the nation free  
From England's haughty king.

*August:*

I bring the glad some harvest time,  
With its wealth of golden grain,  
That man and beast may live thereon  
Till the summer comes again.

*September:*

I call the children back to school,  
With faces all aglow,  
With sweet and healthful blessings, that  
Vacation days bestow.

*October:*

touch the leaves and change their hues  
To yellow, red and brown.  
I bring with me the early frost  
To seed the ripe nuts down.



*November:*

The summer's work is done at last,  
 The harvest gathered in,  
 The hay and grain are in the barn,  
 The apples in the bin.

I bring the absent ones again,  
 To gather at the feast.  
 They come from country and from town  
 From the west and from the east.

*December:*

I bring the jolly old St. Nick  
 So loved by girls and boys  
 • Because he fills their stockings full  
 Of candy, nuts and toys.

*(Each one carries in one hand a letter of the word  
 "Thanksgiving," January having the first letter. All  
 raise their letters to front of waist.)*

*All:*

The sparkling dew, the pretty flowers,  
 The leaves that make the shady bowers,  
 The merry birds that sing.  
 The sun and wind and snow and rain,  
 The luscious fruit and golden grain,  
 These are the gifts we bring.

*Father Time:*

Now let us have a merry song  
 My heart to cheer;  
 Thus will we celebrate this day,  
 The merriest of the year.

*All sing: (Tune, Auld Lang Syne.)*

All hail the glad Thanksgiving Day,  
 November's day of days;

Let every voice ring out in songs  
Of gratitude and praise.

*Chorus:*

Oh, hear our merry, merry song;  
Put every care away,  
For Mirth is queen, and we are glad  
On this Thanksgiving Day.

In many a home the feast is spread  
For guests from far and near,  
Then gather round the fireside, all  
The friends and kindred dear.

This world is brimming o'er with joy,  
Each heart to satisfy,  
And we may always find some good,  
If we but only try.

*(During the singing of the last chorus, with January leading, all turn and march across rear of stage and off. A cord or wire may have been stretched across the rear, or nails arranged in line upon which the letters may be hung in proper order as the children retire, thus leaving the word "Thanksgiving" upon the rear wall. Gilt letters hung over a dark background produce a pleasing effect.)*

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## THE GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Two Boys and Five Girls.

For description of costumes used in this dialogue see exercise entitled "In Honor of Thanksgiving," found on page — The stage is made to represent, as much as possible, an old-fashioned "living room." It must be severely plain, straight-backed chairs stand about, deal table near center, old-fashioned clock on wooden shelf, spinning-wheel in one corner.

Characters: Priscilla, a Pilgrim maiden; Return, her father; Dorothy, her mother; Peregrine, her young friend and neighbor; Patience, Relief, Prudence, friends and neighbors. The part of Prudence should be taken by a girl smaller than the others. Mother, Dorothy, and Father Return should have their hair powdered. Priscilla is discovered at rise seated in a straight-backed chair, busily knitting on a coarse woollen sock. Peregrine enters.

*Peregrine.* Good morning, Priscilla.

*(Priscilla rises, drops old-fashioned curtsey, shakes hands with Peregrine, takes his hat and places it on the table, they both sit, he on the other side of the table from Priscilla.)*

*Peregrine.* Busy as ever, I see, Priscilla?

*Priscilla.* O, yes, Peregrine, what would become of us poor Pilgrims if it were not for the work that we really have to do?

*Peregrine.* That's true, Priscilla, work drives away a great many sad thoughts.

*Priscilla.* That it does, Peregrine. Sometimes I am thinking so strongly about our dear old England, its neat villages, its well-trimmed hedges.

*Peregrine.* *(Interrupting eagerly.)* Yes, yes, and its lordly manor houses with its magnificent forests and its velvet lawns.

*Priscilla.* *(Dropping her knitting and putting her hands before her eyes.)* O; yes, I can see them all. I can almost hear the dear little sparrows twittering about and the great ravens calling from the castle towns. But there! there! this never will do. *(Resumes knitting.)* I was about to tell you that sometimes when I am dreaming about all these things, my heart is ready to burst with homesickness. Then, when I remember, that unless I get to spinning, father will have no comfortable, warm suit for the winter, I stop thinking and go to work.

in earnest. So, I say, as before, how could we Pilgrims endure all our trials were it not for work?

*Peregrine.* I suppose if we live to be old men and women we will not forget the dear old England which we left when we were children.

*Priscilla.* Indeed, I am sure I never shall, and, I'll tell you a great secret, Peregrine, if you'll promise never to tell any one, not even your wife when you get one.

*Peregrine.* (*Placing his hand on his heart and leaning toward her.*) Indeed, Priscilla, I gladly give my promise, you may depend on me, I'll never, never tell anything that you may choose to reveal to me.

*Priscilla.* (*Leaning toward him.*) Some day, when I am a few years older, I am going back to England!

*Peregrine.* You surprise me, Priscilla. Could you go back there and be forced to attend the church against your conscience?

*Priscilla.* O, times will change there, perhaps, by the time I am old enough to go alone.

*Peregrine.* Ha! ha! Priscilla, by the time you are old enough to go over there alone, you will be married, then, how will it be?

*Priscilla.* Then, I will surely go, for, before I give myself to any man, he shall promise to take me to England as soon as the minister has finished his blessing.

*Peregrine.* (*Aside.*) Whew! I must remember that.

*Priscilla.* What were you saying, Peregrine?

*Peregrine.* That I suppose I ought to be going. I fear I am delaying your work.

*Priscilla.* Indeed, no, see how fast my sock is growing? (*Shows it.*) You see, I knit faster when you are



talking, so talk on, good Peregrine. Your corn is all husked and stored, I hope?

*Peregrine.* Indeed, it is, Priscilla, and a bountiful harvest it was, too. If all the fields yield as ours did, there will be no "starving time" again this winter.

*Priscilla.* How thankful we should be; and a treaty has been made with the Indians, too, I hear.

*Peregrine.* So, I am told, and it seems as if, at last, we Pilgrims have nothing more to ask for.

*Priscilla.* Except for a visit to England.

*Peregrine.* What a foolish maiden you are, Priscilla. Do you think the Governor will present every Pilgrim with the money to take him over there and back?

*Priscilla.* "And back," you say, are you so sure they will all want to come back?

*Peregrine.* Yes, indeed, unless it is now and then a foolish young thing like yourself.

*Priscilla.* (*Crossly.*) Take care there, Peregrine, do not presume too much on any friendship. (*Enter the father R. Both young people rise, remain standing till father is seated.*)

*Father.* Great news this, is it not?

*Priscilla and Peregrine.* What? What?

*Father.* Our good Governor Bradford has set apart next Thursday as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer for all the blessings that have come to us. For the bountiful harvest, and a peaceful summer free from the attacks of the ferocious Indians. (*Sits.*)

*Priscilla.* O, I am so glad. What shall we do to keep the day, father?

(*Enter the mother R. All rise again and remain standing until she sits.*)



*Mother.* What day are you speaking of, Priscilla? Surely you do not expect the Pilgrims to observe the Popish custom of keeping any one day above another? (*Sits.*)

*Father.* (*Quickly.*) No, no, mother, far from it. No Pilgrim could ever so forget himself and his conscience, but our good governor. (*Enter R. Patience, Relief and Prudence, running.*)

*Patience.* O, yes, good neighbor Return, our good governor, that is well said. He is, indeed, good, since he has appointed this day of Thanksgiving. I am so glad. (*Sits near Priscilla.*) Had you heard about it, Mistress Dorothy? A day of permanent Thanksgiving for us all.

*Relief.* (*Sitting near Peregrine.*) Will it not be fine, O, grave, Master Peregrine, to go to the meeting-house in the middle of the week?

*Peregrine.* No doubt it will be "fine," as you say, to a giddy girl like you, who, doubtless, has some new finery to show off.

*Prudence.* (*Sitting near Peregrine.*) "Finery," Master Peregrine! What has a Pilgrim maiden to do with finery? Do you think Relief is ready to wear Indian bead-work?

*Relief.* Talk of "finery," when it is not possible to get even a new kerchief, until the next ship arrives.

*Prudence.* But I am glad of the new day, a day of rest in the middle of the week, only think of it.

*Mother Dorothy.* Indeed, child Prudence, I think you will find there will not be much rest for us. You must remember that our friends will come from far and wide to pray and sing praises, and we who live near the meet-

ing-house cannot let them go home hungry, so I think it will mean some work to prepare a feast in honor of the day.

*Prudence.* So it will, good, Mistress Dorothy, and I will go at home at once and tell mother so that she be getting things ready. (*Rises.*)

*Father Return.* That is well, child Prudence, but do not let the thought of the feasting put out of your head all thought of the Thanksgiving.

*Prudence.* How could it? The more I have to feast on, the more thankful I will be of course. (*Exit running R.*)

*Father Return.* I fear much that in too many hearts the only thoughts will be on the same topic, the good things for the palate. But I trust that in the future years when we shall have become, in this strange land, a wise and powerful nation, the people of those days will keep this great day in a spirit of true thankfulness, forgetting for a little while the pleasures of the table.

*Peregrine.* But, good neighbor Return, do you suppose there will ever be any people better than those of Plymouth Colony?

*F. Ret.* Certainly, certainly. Far in the future I seem to see the people who shall come after us, more wise, more saintly than even we pilgrims are. To them Thanksgiving Day will be a time of spiritual rejoicing and praise, not a mere day of feasting as too many of this generation will regard it.

*Mother Dorothy.* Well, may be so, may be so, but you always were a dreamer, father Return. As for me, I read my Bible pretty carefully, and I find that human nature, in every country, and in every clime, is

just about the same, they all mourn for the "flesh pots of Egypt," more or less, so don't expect too much of the future generations, father Return. (*Rising.*) But, come, Priscilla, put away that knitting, and come with me to see what fowls are fit to kill for the feast next Thursday.

*Relief.* (*Rising.*) Yes, and I must go tell mother.

*Prudence.* (*Rising.*) So must I.

*F. Ret.* (*Rising.*) But wait a bit, you say I must not expect too much of future generations, than I must do my best with the people just at hand, and, I perceive that already your thoughts are too much on the time of feasting, so before we separate we will sing the Doxology. Come, Peregrine.

*Peregrine.* (*Rising.*) I hadn't said anything about the feast, but I presume I'll be as ready to eat it as any one.

*Priscilla.* Yes, and so will father.

(*All sing Doxology.*)

(*Curtain.*)

## GRANNY'S STORY.

A Monologue.

By EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

The speaker should wear black dress, white cap and kerchief.

Yes, lads, I'm a poor old body,

My wits are not over clear

I can't remember the day o' the week,

And scarcely the time o' year,

But one thing is down in my mem'ry

So deep it is sure to stay:

It was long ago but it all comes back

As if it had happened today.

Here, stand by the window, laddies,  
Do you see, away to the right,  
A long, black line on the water,  
Topped with a crest of white?  
That is the reef Defiance  
Where the good ship Gaspereau  
Beat out her life in the breakers  
Just fifty-six years ago.

I mind 'twas a raw Thanksgiving,  
The sleet drove sharp as knives,  
And most of us, here at the harbor,  
Were sailors' sweethearts and wives.  
But I had my goodman beside me,  
And every thing tidy and bright,  
When all of a sudden a signal  
Shot up through the murky night.

And a signal gun in the darkness  
Boomed over and over again,  
As if it bore, in its awful tone,  
The shrieks of women and men.  
And down to the rocks we crowded  
Facing the icy rain,  
Praying the Lord to be their aid,  
Since human help was vain.

Then my goodman stooped and kissed me,  
And said, "It is but to die;  
Who goes with me to the rescue?"  
And six noble lads cried, "I."  
And crouching there in the tempest  
Hiding our faces away

We heard them row into the blackness  
And what could we do but pray?

So long—when at last their cheering  
Came faintly above the roar,  
I thought I had died and in heaven  
My trouble and grief were o'er.  
And the white-faced women and children,  
All seemed like ghosts in my sight,  
As the boats, weighed down to the water,  
Came tossing into the light.

And little we cared that the breakers  
Were tearing the ship in their hold,  
There are things, if you weigh them fairly,  
Will balance a mint of gold.  
And even the bearded captain  
Said, "Now let the good ship go,  
Since never a soul that sailed with me  
Goes down in the Gaspereau."

Eh! that was a heartsome Thanksgiving  
With sobbing and laughter and prayers,  
Our lads with their brown, dripping faces  
And not a face missing from theirs.  
For you never can know how much dearer  
The one you love dearest can be  
Till you've had him come back to you safely,  
From out of the jaws of the sea.

Yes, stand by the window, laddies,  
Now, look away to the right,  
And learn from that reef Defiance,  
The lesson I learned that night,



To make a heartsome Thanksgiving,  
Just for the loved ones so near,  
For them a gladsome Thanksgiving,  
That will last the whole long year.

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## IN HONOR OF THANKSGIVING.

BY ELIZABETH M. HADLEY.

For Twelve Boys and Twenty-one Girls.

Directions: This exercise should be performed by eleven girls, twelve boys and ten little girls from the primary class. Decorate the room with flags, pine boughs, evergreens, corn, jack-o'-lanterns, etc. If given in a school-room, upon the black-board sketch the Mayflower, Pilgrim houses, chairs, Peregrine White's cradle, kettles, lanterns, etc. Also outline a map showing Pilgrims' starting point, route and landing place. The boys and girls march around the school-room and onto the rostrum in time to lively music. On reaching the stage they arrange themselves in a semicircle and as each one recites he or she steps out of the circle to the center of the stage, returning to place at close of reciting. Costumes: The Pilgrims wear dark clothes; the girls, caps, kerchiefs and cuffs made of white paper, and the boys round collars and cuffs of the same material. The Dutch girls' costumes can be copied from pictures and may be made of tissue paper or cheap cambric. Old English costumes may be copied and made in the same way.

### *Recitation For All.*

When November's gusty breezes  
Shake the branches bare and brown  
And you hear on sunny uplands,  
Ripened nuts come dropping down,  
While the loaded rains are creaking  
'Neath a weight they scarce can hold,  
And you see each bin and storehouse  
Brimming o'er with Nature's gold.

Then the nation's sons and daughters,  
Where so e'er their feet may stray  
Turn their eager footsteps homeward,  
There to keep Thanksgiving Day.

*First English Girl.* Thanksgiving Day is one of the oldest festivals of which we have any knowledge, and its origin is lost in the days of myth and fable. But, we know that each autumn the Romans held Thanksgiving feasts in honor of the goddess Ceres, while the Greeks at about the same time honored the god Demeter in the same fashion.

*Second English Girl.* The Israelites, also, set apart days for Thanksgiving.

*First English Boy.* The oldest recorded one is the Feast of Tabernacles.

*Second English Boy.* In later times these days have been appointed for deliverance from evil, famine, drouth, perhaps an enemy, or some special blessing received.

*Dutch Girl.* We had a Thanksgiving Day in Leyden Oct. 3, 1575, the first anniversary after its siege by the Spaniards.

*Third English Boy.* September 3, 1588, was a day of Thanksgiving in my country, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

*Third English Girl.* Another English Thanksgiving Day was February 27, 1872, to give thanks for the restoration to health of the Prince of Wales.

*English Boys and Girls, together.* June 27, 1887, was Thanksgiving Day in England, for the Queen's Jubilee.

*Pilgrim Boys and Girls together.* Thanksgivings in this country date from the first settlement of the country, and, we, the Pilgrim boys and girls, have come to

tell you why we kept those days, almost three hundred years ago.

*Boy.* I am not a Pilgrim, I belong to the Coopham colony that settled at the mouth of Kennebec river, in Maine in 1607, but I helped keep the first Thanksgiving in what is now the great United States. The winter of 1607 we nearly died of cold and hunger. When a ship appeared in the spring-time we had a day of Thanksgiving. But soon after this we became discouraged and went back to England.

*First Pilgrim Girl.* We, too, suffered from cold and hunger. We always spoke of that winter as the "starving time." But we did not think of going back to England even when half our number died.

*First Pilgrim Boy.* We were brave men and women, and the living ones, like real soldiers, closed up the ranks when their friends and neighbors fell by the way.

*Second Pilgrim Girl.* In the spring we worked hard, and planted corn, peas and barley.

*Second Pilgrim Boy.* When autumn came our crops were so fine that our good Governor Bradford appointed a day of Thanksgiving.

*Third Pilgrim Girl.* Perhaps you will think we hadn't much for which to give thanks. There were twenty acres of corn and six each of peas and barley. But we knew that from these there would be food enough to keep us through the long winter and that there would be no "starving time" again. Besides we had warm houses and comfortable clothes, so we "thanked God and took courage" and kept Thanksgiving Day.

*Third Pilgrim Boy.* Our next Thanksgiving Day was in 1623. It was so dry and hot that summer that we

feared our crops would die, so we appointed a day for fasting and prayer, and for nine hours we besought God to help us.

*Fourth Pilgrim Girl.* At first it was bright sunshine, then came little clouds, and by and by the rain began to fall, and our crops were saved.

*Fourth Pilgrim Boy.* The Indians who knew what was going on, said, 'The God of the white man has heard their prayers.'

*Fifth Pilgrim Girl.* In 1633 the Massachusetts Bay colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving

*First Dutch Boy.* William Kieft, governor of New Netherlands, appointed a Thanksgiving Day in 1644, and again in 1645.

*Second Dutch Girl.* In 1655 Peter Stuyvesant appointed a Thanksgiving Day for victory obtained over the Swedes around Delaware Bay.

*Second Dutch Boy.* The first national Thanksgiving was for the declaration of peace in 1784.

*Fifth Pilgrim Boy.* Thanksgiving Day was held in 1789 to commemorate the adoption of the Constitution.

*Sixth Pilgrim Girl.* In 1795 Washington appointed a day of Thanksgiving for the suppression of the Whiskey Insurrection.

*Sixth Pilgrim Boy.* A day of Thanksgiving was appointed at the conclusion of the second war with England in 1814.

*All.* After 1817 Thanksgiving Days were appointed by the different governors of the states but since 1863 it has been a national holiday appointed by the president, and supplemented by the governors. Every one who really



loves his country will do his best to honor and perpetuate the day.

*March to seats to lively music. Ten little girls from the primary class now come to positions near the maps or black board sketches. Each one takes the pointer and indicates the proper picture as she recites her lines. At the close she hands the pointer to the next child and sits down near by.*

*First (pointing to starting point of Mayflower.)*

This is the land so far away,

Where started the germ of Thanksgiving Day.

*Second.*

These are the Pilgrims who sailed the sea,

To found a nation for you and me.

*Third.*

This is the Mayflower staunch and true

In which they sailed o'er the ocean blue.

*Fourth.*

This is the route, where, day by day,

To an unknown country they made their way.

*Fifth.*

Here is Plymouth Rock on which they stood,

And called the land they had come to "Good."

*Sixth.*

Here is a house of logs and clay,

The shelter of cold they built one day.

*Seventh.*

Here is the captain of great renown,

Stout Miles Standish of Plymouth town.

*Eighth.*

Here is Priscilla, the saucy young elf,

And Alden, she told to "speak for himself."



*Ninth.*

Here are the chairs, still safely kept  
And the cradle where baby Peregrine slept.

*Tenth.*

Would you like to see more? Then come with me  
To that old town standing beside the sea.  
There you will find them, things galore  
The Pilgrims bore to the new world's shore.

*Song by School, Air "America."*

Ruler of land and sea  
Hear us we lift to Thee  
Our hearts alway  
For guidance through life's maze  
For health and length of days  
We come with songs of praise  
Thanksgiving Day.

## THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Recitation for a Girl.

Costume: Long, straight gown of gray, skirt scant, and waist plain; white kerchief crossed on breast; mob cap; reticule on arm.

I was on the Mayflower  
I'm sure you all must know  
What a dreadful time we had  
With the ice and snow.  
Cold? O, yes, it was cold, (*Shivers.*)  
We never knew before,  
What "cold winter" really meant,  
Till we reached this shore.

Then, the Indians, big and wild,  
You know the story well,  
For you've read about it all,  
More than I can tell.

Were we sorry that we came  
So far from England dear?  
Never, though the land had been  
Twice as cold and drear.

When at last our barns were filled  
With all good things in store,  
Pray, do you wonder that our hearts  
With joy were running o'er?  
So, when our Governor Bradford,  
With wise and gentle sway,  
Said "Come we'll be thankful  
For one whole livelong *Day*,"

There wasn't one to question  
Or wonder at his word;  
Throughout the whole of Plymouth,  
Greatest joy was heard.  
Today, when you are singing  
Sweet praises on your way  
Remember, dear old Plymouth's  
*First Thanksgiving Day*.

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## NOVEMBER.

BY LILY BELL.

November's here with ripened corn,  
And pumpkins round and yellow,  
With falling leaves and garnered sheaves,

And apples ripe and mellow.  
We're busy, busy all the day,  
For winter's getting ready  
To keep all warm in house and barn,  
And all things running steady.

The oven's crammed with cakes and pies,  
And goodies without number,  
And scents of spice and all things nice  
The autumn breezes cumber  
For one thing more November brings,  
To make life worth the living  
And fill each one with joy and fun—  
That something is Thanksgiving.

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### THANKS FOR THANKSGIVING.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

When our brave old Pilgrim Fathers  
Gave thanks for a bountiful year,  
Gave thanks with happiest faces,  
A happiness born of good cheer,  
Could they have gazed through the future  
On the throngs assembled to-day,  
Have heard the praises ascending  
To God in the old-fashioned way,  
How their hearts would have bounded with joy  
That their custom no time can destroy.

While voices, now, are uplifting  
In gratitude mingled with love,  
Thanks for the brave Pilgrim Fathers  
Shall rise to the Father above;

Praise that their true love outpouring  
To God for his wonderful care,  
Fixed on a Day to be honored,  
With rejoicing, thanksgiving and prayer.  
So we heartily, heartily say,  
Thanks do we give for Thanksgiving Day.

*(As the speaker returns to seat, school recites.)*  
Thanksgiving Day! Thanksgiving Day!  
Our hearts are full of joy,  
That time cannot destroy  
The dear Pilgrim Father's Thanksgiving Day.

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### THANKSGIVING PREPARATIONS.

BY LILA DOROTHY.

My name is Tom an' I live here,  
'Cause I ain't got no paw nor maw,  
But the folks I'm livin' with  
Is the very best you ever saw.  
I used to live some other place,  
An' was as green as any gourd,  
Till they brung me here and keep me  
To chore 'round for my board.

Gran'paw—he ain't mine truly,  
But he's better'n any I know—  
Said I'd be lots o' company  
An' have more room to grow,  
Gran'maw 'lowed 'at I was humbly,  
An' I ain't no beauty, yet!  
But gran'paw says I'm "all O. K."  
An' he just knows, you bet.

I've been here more'n a year now  
An' the best time I say,  
Is when we're lookin' for the folks  
To spend Thanksgivin' Day.  
Gran'paw he gets up early,  
'Cause he sets the alarm,  
An' he's out long 'fore sun-up.  
All 'round about the farm.

An' after breakfast's over,  
Gran'maw begins to bake  
The very nicest things to eat  
That any one could make,  
She goes aroun' so happy,  
A-singin' little tunes,  
A-washin' up the dishes,  
An' knives an' forks an' spoons.

She scours the things already clean,  
'S far's I can see,  
An' keeps me just as busy  
As ever I can be,  
She makes cakes an' pies an' puddin's  
An' everythin', you know,  
That her boys used to like best,  
A long, long time ago.

An' she's a thinkin' of 'em,  
'Specially the one out west,  
Who's too busy and far away  
To come home this year, she guessed,  
An' of the newest baby,  
That is so fat an' blue-eyed,



For gran'maw says "it favors most  
Her little girl that died."

'N' she looks up at its picture  
'N' sighs and wipes her eyes,  
An' then she says, "Why, bless my stars,  
I forgot about those pies."  
So, she hurries to the oven,  
To turn the pies aroun',  
An' says as how she guesses  
"They hain't done yet quite brown."

Then gran-paw drives old Nellie up,  
'Way from the lower lot,  
'Cause all the kids'll want a ride,  
'N' she's the safest horse we've got.  
He takes a yellow pumpkin,  
Cuts out eyes, mouth an' nose—  
His grandson from the city  
Thinks that's the way it grows!

When all's ready for to-morrow,  
He locks up his tool-shed,  
An' comes along into the house,  
To wish 'twas time for bed.  
An' then he takes his paper,  
'N' sits down to rock and rock,  
'Till everybody's sleepy,  
An' it's nine by the eight-day clock.

Seems' if I couldn't ever  
Get into bed and stay,  
But next thing I know it's mornin'  
'N' hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

**WHY SHE IS THANKFUL.**

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Sometimes I wish I were a boy,  
Instead of just a girl,  
When dresses tear, or I must stand  
To have my hair in curl.

But, then, again, when boys are bad,  
And Father, with a frown,  
Says, "Tom, come here," I wouldn't change  
With any boy in town.

Thanksgiving Day I must give thanks,  
So, this my greatest joy,  
That I am just a little girl,  
And not a horrid boy.

# CHRISTMAS

## THE CHILD JESUS.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

I think if I could just have seen  
The dear Lord Jesus as he lay  
In the manger on that day  
When the angels sang together  
A better child I might have been.

But, mother says, 'tis just the same,  
He can take my naughty heart,  
Make it of himself a part,  
As well as if I'd seen him then,  
If I ask it "in His name."

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## CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Bell should be rung behind the scenes at the close of each stanza. Ring them softly to give the effect of distance.

Ring of Christmas, pealing bells!  
"Christ is born" each note re-tells.  
Ring of Christmas joy and peace,  
When contentions all shall cease.

Ring of Christmas, never old  
Is the truth your peals unfold,  
Comes "good-will and peace on earth,"  
At the blessed Christ Child's birth.

Louder, louder, bells resound,  
Send the message speeding round,  
When each heart repeats the song,  
Love shall banish every wrong.

Christmas bells! Sweet thoughts you bring,  
While glad voices loudly sing,  
"Peace on earth, to man good will,"  
Old the message—precious still.

Christmas bells! Then, ring, ring, ring,  
Thoughts of love to all you bring.  
Now your brazen tongues employ,  
Spread afar the holy joy,  
Ring, ring, ring.

*(Louder and prolonged ringing.)*

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### THE CHRISTMAS GUEST.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

They sat at supper on Christmas Eve,  
The boys of the orphan school,  
The least of them all arose to say  
The quaint old grace in the old-time way,  
That had always been the rule,  
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,  
And share the food which Thou has blessed."

The oaken rafters, holly bedight,  
And brave in their Christmas guise,  
Cast shadows down on the fair young face,  
The hands clasped close, with childish grace,  
The reverent, wistful eyes.  
And for a moment, as he ceased,  
Unheeded, smoked the Christmas feast.

The smallest scholar, then sat him down,  
And the spoons began to click  
In the pewter porringers, one by one,  
But the little fellow had scarce begun,

When he paused, and said, "I think,"  
And then he stopped, with radiant cheek,  
But the kindly master bade him speak.

"Why does the Lord Christ never come?"

He asked in a shy, soft way,  
"Time after time we have prayed that he  
Might make one of our company

Just as we did today,  
But he never has come for all our prayer,  
Do you think that he would if I set him a chair?"

"Perhaps, who knoweth," the master said.

And he made the sign of the cross.  
But the zealous little one gladly sped  
And placed a chair at the table's head

'Neath the great ivy boss,  
Then turned to the door as in sure quest  
Of the entrance of the holy guest.

Even as he waited the latch was raised.

The door swung wide, and lo!  
A pale, little beggar-boy stood there  
With shoeless feet and flying hair

All powdered white with snow,  
"I have no food, nor any bed,  
For Christ's sake take me in," he said.

The startled scholars were silent all,

The master, dumbly, gazed,  
The shivering beggar, he stood still,  
(The snowflakes melting at their will),

Bewildered and amazed  
At the strange hush, and nothing stirred,  
And no one uttered a welcoming word.



'Till, glad and joyful, the same dear child,  
Upraised his voice and said,  
"The Lord has heard us now, I know,  
He could not come himself, and so  
He sent this boy instead,  
His chair to fill, his place to take,  
For us to welcome, for His sake."

Then, glad and joyful, everyone  
Sprang from the table up,  
The chair for Jesus ready set  
Received the beggar, cold and wet,  
Each pressed his plate and cup;  
"Take mine, take mine," they urged and prayed,  
The beggar thanked them half dismayed.

And, as he feasted, and quite forgot  
His woe in the new content,  
The ivy and holly garlanded  
'Round the old rafters overhead,  
Breathed forth a strange, rich scent,  
And it seemed as if, in the green-hung hall,  
Stood a presence, unseen, that blessed them all.

O, loveliest legend of olden time,  
Be thou as true today,  
The Lord Christ stands by every door,  
Veiled in the person of his poor,  
And, all our hearts can pray,  
"Lord Jesus Christ, be Thou our guest,  
And share the food which Thou hast blessed."

*(From "Wide Awake," used by courtesy of Lothrop,  
Lee and Shepard Co.)*

## CHRISTMAS MORNING.

For Whole School.

An exercise for primary class and teacher. Suitable for the closing number of a Christmas Eve entertainment.

*Teacher:*

Little children, can you tell,  
Do you know the story well?  
Every girl and every boy,  
Why the angels sang for joy  
On the Christmas morning?

*Children. (Together.):*

Yes, we know the story well,  
Listen now and hear us tell,  
Every girl and every boy,  
Why the angels sang for joy  
On the Christmas morning.

For a little babe that day,  
Christ, the Lord of angels lay,  
Born on earth our Lord to be  
This the wondering angels see,  
On the Christmas morning.

*Teacher:*

Every girl and every boy,  
Tell us more of all the joy,  
On the Christmas morning.

*Children. (Together.):*

Shepherds sat upon the ground,  
Fleecy flocks were gathered 'round,  
When the brightness filled the sky,  
And a song was heard on high,  
On the Christmas morning.

Joy and peace the angels sang,  
And the pleasant echoes rang,  
"Peace on earth, to men good will,"  
Hark, the angels sing it still,  
On this Christmas morning.

*(The children form themselves into a group. Tableau, while voices behind the scenes chant, "Peace on earth and good will to men.")*

—Anonymous.

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### THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MRS. HATTIE S. RUSSELL.

The oak is a strong and stalwart tree,  
And it lifts its branches up,  
And catches the dew right gallantly  
In many a dainty cup.  
And the world is brighter, and better made,  
Because of the woodman's stroke,  
Descending in sun, or falling in shade,  
On the sturdy form of the oak.  
But stronger, I ween, in apparel green,  
And trappings so fair to see;  
With its precious freight, for small and great—  
Is the beautiful Christmas tree.

The elm is a kind and goodly tree,  
With its branches bending low,  
The heart is glad when its form we see,  
As we list to the river's flow.  
Aye, the heart is glad and the pulses bound  
And joy illumines the face,  
Whenever a goodly elm is found,  
Because of its beauty and grace.

But kinder, I ween, more goodly in mien,  
 With branches more drooping and free,  
 The tints of whose leaves, fidelity weaves,  
 Is the beautiful Christmas tree.

The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,  
 And claimeth our love anew,  
 When the days are listless, quiet and long,  
 And the world is fair to view.  
 And later, as beauties and graces unfold—  
 A monarch right regally dressed,  
 With streamers aflame, and pennons of gold,  
 It seemeth of all the best.  
 More lissome, I ween, the brightness and sheen,  
 And the coloring sunny and free,  
 And the banners soft, that are held aloft,  
 By the beautiful Christmas tree.

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### HANGING UP THE STOCKINGS.

For Two Boys and One Girl.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Characters: Tot, ten years old; Fred, twelve years old; Tommie, eight years old. The children must wear long, white night-ropes and bedroom slippers. The former may, of course, be slipped over ordinary suits. The stocking, carried by Tommie, may be made of coarse, black material, and should be a yard in length. Scene: Parlor or sitting-room; lights turned low.

*(Enter Tot R., steals across stage on tiptoe, carrying stocking in plain sight, soft music. She begins to speak when she reaches place for hanging stocking.)*

Tot. Mamma said there were three hooks in plain sight for us to hang our stockings on. *(Feels around.)* Wonder where they are? O, I've found them, yes, there they are, one, two, three, one for Fred, one for Tom-

mie, one for me. Fred said I was too big for any such baby nonsense. Well, maybe I am, but, I shall do it just the same. I'll put my stocking right in the middle, too. (*Hangs it in middle.*) No, I'll not either, for, of course, Fred won't hang up his. (*Takes stocking down.*) And, as I'm older than Tommie, mine ought to be at the head. (*Hangs it again.*) Now Tommie will hang his next to mine, so that will be all right. O, I hear some one coming. Tommie, I guess. Well, I'll hide, just for fun. (*Hides behind large chair near by.* Enter Fred R. He tip-toes across stage, Tot peeps out, draws back quickly at sight of Fred.)

Fred. I told Tot she was altogether too big to hang up her stocking, so she'll not think of me doing anything so foolish. (*Sees stocking.*) Ho! Some one has been here, already, Tommie, of course, hey, that's funny, three hooks, now. I wonder if mother thinks Tot and I will do anything as silly as to hang up our stockings. (*Laughs softly.*) I knocked Tot off the track, but guess I'll hang up mine. (*Takes stocking down and examines it.*) That must be Tommie's, of course, though I didn't think his foot was *quite* so big. Well, I'll hang that in the middle. (*Hangs it up again.*) Then, I'll put mine first. (*Hangs his stocking.*) There, that looks better; course I don't expect there'll be anything in it, but I've always hung my stocking up and someway I don't like to miss it this year. Wonder if I'll want to keep right on after I'm a man? (*Tip-toes across stage and exit R.* Tot comes from behind chair, goes where stockings hang.)

Tot. Well, if boys aren't the queerest things, said I was too big for any such baby nonsense and yet there is his stocking hanging beside mine—thought it was Tommie's, too, that's the funniest thing. (*Laughs softly.*)



Now, I'll go to bed, I don't believe Tommie is coming with his stocking. Wonder if Fred told him *he* was too big, too? (*Holds hand to mouth, smothering laugh, and runs softly across stage, exit R. Soft music, enter Tommie (R) slowly and softly, carrying immense stocking.*)

*Tommie.* There! I heard Fred and Tot both come down stairs and up again, so I thought they'd been here to hang up their stockings, if Fred did say it was babyish. (*Goes to stocking.*) Yes, there they are, as sure as preaching. Fred's first and then Tot's. Wonder what they'd think if they saw mine. (*Holds up stocking.*) Pretty big, isn't it? Well, I had to do something to fool old Santa Claus, make him think I was big, so that I'd have a lot of things. I want a train of cars, and a bicycle. He can't get a bicycle even into this. (*Holds it up again.*) But, no matter, he can put it under the stocking. Now, I'm going to hang my stocking at the head. (*Takes down others and hangs them while talking.*) There, that looks more like it, hi! but that's a big one, that'll fool old Santa, I guess. Now, if I don't get a lot of presents this time, it'll not be my fault. (*Exit to soft music.*)

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## OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

BY MYRTLE COON CHERRYMAN.

For Seven Boys and Five Girls.

Characters: Mother Goose, Santa Claus, Jack Horner, Jack and Gill, Mistress Mary, Bachelor, Simple Simon, Boy Blue, Knave of Hearts, Maiden-all-forlorn, Maid (from garden). Costumes: The characters may wear ordinary suits, or may copy the costumes of these famous people, as shown in any good illustrated collection of "Mother Goose Melodies." Scene: An ordinary parlor. Loud blasts are heard from horn before curtain rises. Little Boy Blue "discovered" in center of stage, blowing horn.

(*Mother Goose R.*)

*Mother Goose.* Boy Blue, what in the world do you mean by blowing your horn like that in my parlor? Do you want your miserable sheep and cows to come trooping in here, knocking things over? Go along off, now, and take another nap.

*Boy Blue.* Come, come, Mother Goose, don't be cross. I couldn't discover you around anywhere, so I thought I'd see if my horn wouldn't wake you up. Do you know what eve this is?

*Mother Goose.* (*Throwing up hands in great alarm.*) Why, why, Boy Blue, I *had* forgotten; dear me, what shall I do? Christmas Eve and not a single preparation made. Boy Blue, can't you help me? I must have a family council.

*Boy Blue.* Of course, I can. (*Blows long and hard.*) See, here comes some one already, Jack Horner and Little Bo-Peep.

*Mother Goose.* O, yes, and here's the Bachelor as agreeable as you please.

(*Enter Jack Horner, Bo-Peep and Bachelor.*)

*Jack Horner.* What's the matter, another Christmas pie?

*Bopeep.* What's the matter, have my sheep come home?

*Bachelor.* What the matter, somebody run off with my wheelbarrow?

*Mother Goose.* Hush, my dears, I will explain as soon as these people are assembled. (*Racket behind the scene.*) There! That must be Jack and Jill, they are always tumbling.

*Bopeep.* Yes, and here is the Maiden-all-forlorn. (*Enter Maiden, weeping.*) Why, maiden, where is the man all tattered and torn?

*Maiden.* Why, you know somebody had to look after the cow-with-the-crumpled-horn, and, so—

*Mother Goose.* (*Interrupting.*) O, well, no matter, no matter as long as your household is represented. (*Enter Jack and Jill.*) O, Jack and Jill, I'm glad to see you. Is your head grown up, again, Jack?

*Jack.* O, yes, just as good as ever. We tumbled past Simple Simon on our way home, he'll be along soon, but he's slow you know.

*Mother Goose.* Now, I don't expect any of the animals, nor the court of the Queen of Hearts, but let me see, Miss Muffitt ought to be here, and Tom, the Piper's Son, and the Old Woman who lived in a Shoe, but—no, she's always kept at home with her immense family. She keeps her children tied to her shoestrings. Ah! here's the Knave of Hearts.

(*Enter Knave, running, bows low before Mother Goose.*)

*Knave.* Only for a moment, your grace.

*Mother Goose.* Come, none of your court manners here, Knave, we know you!

*Knave.* Well, then, Mother Goose, I have only come to present the compliments of the King and Queen of Hearts, and also their regrets at not being able to answer the summons from Boy Blue's horn. Of course, we knew you must be planning something. I am commissioned to say that the Queen is busy making tarts, which she will be glad to bring if you are planning a reunion banquet, or in fact, a feast of any sort.

*Maid.* (*Enter running.*) And I have come, Mother Goose,—O, my nose. (*Claps hands on it.*)

*Mother Goose.* I am sure, my dear, it looks very well, so the blackbird brought it back?

*Maid.* Yes, but somehow it never seems to feel just

the same, and I'm scared to death whenever I go to hang up clothes. But I must give my message—the King says he heard the horn, but, although he cannot come, he says he will send money if you need it. He's in the counting-house now, counting it out,—and the Queen will furnish any quantity of bread and honey.

*Mother Goose.* O, won't that be fine? And if we only could have a blackbird pie.

*Maid.* I've no doubt they'll be glad to send one, only, I hope they'll not set me to catching the blackbirds. O, my poor nose. (*Going.*)

*Knave.* (*Following.*) Where are you going, my pretty maid? (*Exeunt Knave and Maid.*)

*Mother Goose.* Now, who can write our *menu*? Has anyone a pen?

*Jack.* Perhaps we might get one from one of the little pigs.

*Jill.* Pshaw! Who'd want to write with a pig-pen?

*Bachelor.* And the pigs haven't any pencil, for if they couldn't get over the barn-door sill, they couldn't cver a pen-sill.

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* Well, I don't wonder you had to go to London to get your wife, if you make such puns as that.

*Jack Horner.* Maybe that's what made the wheelbarrow break. (*Laughter.*)

*Mother Goose.* Children, order, order. Somebody get a quill from Goosey Gander, and I'll find some ink. (*Goes to rear of stage.*) O, here is some, and paper, too. (*Comes down.*) Now we have all things in readiness, but a pen to write with.

*Jack Horner.* (*Taking immense quill from the inside of his coat.*) Here's what you want.

*Mother Goose.* (*Takes pen and deposits it with paper*



*on the table near right center of stage.*) Yes, that's right, Jackie Horner. You always were a good boy. But I thought some one said Simple Simon was coming.

*Simple Simon. (Enter.)* Here I be, Mother Goose, and I've bought a pie, for I found a pie-man at last that didn't make me show my penny first.

*Bachelor.* Been fishing lately, Simon? *(Laughter.)*

*Mother Goose.* Now, keep still, all of you. Simple Simon is going fishing to get us a nice fish for the second course of our banquet; aren't you, Simon?

*Simple Simon.* I'll try it, Mother Goose, but, you know, my mother's pail is so small. *(Laughter.)*

*Mother Goose.* Now, stop laughing, all. Here, Bachelor, you're so smart; you sit down there and write for us. *(Bachelor sits at table.)* First course, soup of course. I'll furnish bean porridge hot, and I think Mother Hubbard can find us a soup-bone. The poor old woman will want to furnish something, of course, and I don't know of anything else that she can give us.

*Jack.* Unless it's sausage.

*Maiden-all-forlorn:* Oh, that poor dog!

*Mother Goose.* Come, now, I don't want any more nonsense. Bachelor, did you put down Bean porridge and Simon's fish?

*Bachelor.* Yes, I suppose it'll be a sucker. I'll bring what bread and cheese the rats haven't eaten. Shall I put that down?

*Mother Goose.* Yes, certainly, and the queen's bread and honey and the tarts for *entrees*.

*Bachelor.* Going to serve them all on trays?

*Mother Goose.* O, hush! And the blackbird pie will do for the meat course. I wish we could have a roast of beef, Maiden-all-forlorn?—

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* No, indeed, I can't spare the cow



with a crumpled horn. Boy Blue might give one of *his* cows. He doesn't care for them at all.

*Boy Blue.* Yes, I do, too. You cannot have one of them. Why can't the little pig bring the roast beef he got at market?

*Mother Goose.* A good idea. Go and hunt up the little pig, dear, and bring Mother Hubbard, too, and Jack Spratt, and get the dish that ran away with the spoon, and the spoon, too. We'll need them.

*Boy Blue.* All right; I'll gather the clans, Mother Goose. (*Exit, blowing horn.*)

*Bachelor.* May I humbly suggest, Mother Goose, that Tom, the Piper's son, might get us a pig, and that the cow might give us some green cheese from the moon she jumped over?

*Mother Goose.* Now, look here, your business is to write, not to talk. We don't want any stolen pigs, nor green cheese.

*Simple Simon.* Couldn't Miss Muffitt bring some curds and whey?

*Mother Goose.* Curds and whey at a banquet?

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* Instead of asking me to sacrifice my poor old cow with the crumpled horn, why not ask Bo-peep for some mutton?

*Bopeep.* No, you can't have a whole sheep, but I might let you have some tails for lambs'-tail soup.

*Mother Goose.* What shall we have to drink?

*Jill.* Jack and I might bring a pail of water, if it doesn't all get spilled on the way down hill.

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* And my cow gives lovely milk, if her horn is crumpled.

*Mother Goose.* Very well. And, of course, King Cole will bring his bowl, which will be sure to contain something good. He will no doubt bring his fiddlers three, to

furnish music. Those, with the cat and the fiddle, will complete the orchestra. Ah! here comes Boy Blue. (*Enter Boy Blue.*) Did you find our tardy people?

*Boy Blue.* Yes, and I have some messages. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Spratt and their clean platter will be here, and Peter will take his wife out of the pumpkin shell, and get her to make us a pumpkin pie. Baby Bunting's father had gone hunting, and if he gets a rabbit he will bring it.

*Mother Goose.* Splendid! splendid! Put that down, Bachelor. But how about Mistress Mary? She's so contrary that I suppose she wouldn't come for fear she'd please somebody.

*Boy Blue.* No, she wouldn't come, but she said she would send enough flowers from her garden to decorate the table.

*Mother Goose.* How very agreeable of Mistress Mary. But did you see the Old Man in leather, and all the old women? We didn't want to leave anyone out, you know.

*Boy Blue.* Yes, and they are all coming—every last one—but here is a letter that was handed to me by a fairy I met—one of the Christmas elves, I think.

*Mother Goose.* (*Taking letter and examining it.*) Why, it's from Santa Claus himself—the dear old fellow. Let's see what he has to say. (*Tears it open and reads.*) “My Dear Mother Goose: I find my work so very pressing this year, I fear some of my poor people will be neglected unless I get assistance.”

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* O, how sad!

*Bopeeb.* Poor things!

*Jack Horner.* No Christmas nies for the poor folks, I suppose. How dreadfully dreadful!

*Mother Goose.* O, but wait and hear the rest. (*Reads.*) “I want to give all the poor children some toys, and each

hungry family something for a Christmas dinner. Now, I know you people from Rhymeland really need no food, and yet have large supplies. Can you help me out?"

*Jill.* Is that all?

*Mother Goose.* No, not quite. (*Reads.*) "I will be at Castle Jingle this evening, to see what you can do for me."

*Jack.* This evening! Why, he may be here at any minute.

*Mother Goose.* And we certainly must not disappoint the dear old boy.

*Bachelor.* No, indeed. I am sure my bread and cheese are welcome to whoever may need them.

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* We Rhyme people are never in want, for we live forever, anyway, whether we want to or not, and no matter what we eat.

*Mother Goose.* Now, my dear children, let us get our supplies together at once. We must be ready for dear Santa, you know. Simon, since your pie is already here, you may go out and find "Higglety Pigglety, my black hen, who lays eggs for gentlemen, sometimes nine and sometimes ten." I think for this purpose she will be accommodating enough to give you a round dozen.

*Bachelor.* I'll go after my bread and cheese. Come, Maiden-all-forlorn, come and milk your crumpled cow.

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* Crumpled cow, indeed! I'll crumple you. (*Boxes his ears. Chases him, exeunt.*)

*Mother Goose.* Jack and Jill, go up the hill and draw a pail of water. Pure spring water is as much of a luxury to poor people as anything. Johnny Horner, run home after your Christmas pie; and, Bo-peep, you might get those lambs' tails for our soup. Simon, I thought I sent you after something.

*Bopeep.* (*Running off stage.*) Come on, Simon.

*Simple Simon.* (*Going slowly.*) I'll hurry, Mother Goose, but where'll I find the eggs? In the kitchen or in the parlor?

*Mother Goose.* Well, you are living up to your name, surely. The eggs are in the hen-house, of course. Now, run along; that's a good boy. (*Exit Simple Simon.*) Boy Blue, you may go out and get King Cole's bowl, and all the other extras; and here, tell the Knave of Hearts and the Maid in the garden over our new plans, and have them bring their supplies here at once. (*Exeunt all but Mother Goose.*) Now I can breathe a good, long breath. (*Sighs.*) O, dear, why didn't I tell Boy Blue to hurry Mistress Mary's flowers along? I know the poor people would enjoy them; but here comes the dear girl now. (*Enter Mistress Mary, carrying large bouquet.*) O, how lovely of you, Mistress Mary, to bring those beautiful flowers.

*Mistress Mary.* Yes. Boy Blue stopped as he was running past my garden and told me that you were to give your banquet to the poor, so I brought every flower that I could find.

*Mother Goose.* A very kind thought, indeed. How fortunate that flowers grow in your garden in winter as well as in summer. Just help me bring that table forward, please, so that it will be ready to receive the gifts. (*They carry table to center of stage.*) Now, I'll get a vase for your flowers. (*Goes to rear of stage and brings vase.*) This, you see, is just the thing. (*Puts flowers in vase and places them on the table.*) Now, I am sure, everything is ready for the good things that are to come. (*Noise heard behind scenes.*) O, they must be coming. No one else could be so noisy. (*All, except Simple Simon and Boy Blue, enter in great confusion. They run to table, and as each deposits the pail, box or basket carried,*



*the speech given below is said. This scene must be made very lively and spirited, yet each one must be given time to recite his or her lines fully.)*

*Maiden-all-forlorn.* There is all the milk my cow could give, and there's a thick cream on it already.

*Jack Horner.* My Christmas pie is in this big box, and I know it is just full of plums.

*Jack.* And here's a full pail of water.

*Jill.* Yes, and we didn't spill even a teaspoonful. When that is all gone, we'll go after more, since we've learned how to get it without tumbling down.

*Bachelor.* There is a basket full of bread and cheese; real home-made bread.

*Knave of Hearts.* All the tarts you'll want are in this basket, freshly made today.

*Maid from Garden.* The blackbird pie is in this dish, and this jar's full of the Queen's own honey.

*(They all crowd around the table, repeating their speeches all together. This should be very noisy and confusing.)*

*Mother Goose.* Come, come, be quiet; you have said enough about what you have brought. Now, let me see if everything is all right.

*(Enter Simple Simon slowly.)*

*Simple Simon.* Say, I've been chasing Goosey Gander all this while. I——

*Mother Goose.* Goosey Gander! I told you "my black hen," stupid.

*Simple Simon.* Yes, yes, but I forgot it was the hen until it ran after me, and gave me a dozen eggs in this basket.

*Knave.* Lucky for us there are some clever hens in the world.

*Mother Goose.* O, you are all so good and kind; let



us not have a word of fault-finding, but where's Boy Blue, I wonder? (*Horn heard.*) O, he's not under the haystack this time, evidently.

*Boy Blue enters with horn in his mouth, a basket is hung on each arm, and both hands grasp an immense earthen bowl. He blows his horn until he reaches table, he then drops it on the floor and makes his speech.*

*Boy Blue.* No, indeed, no nap to-day. Here's King Cole's bowl full of the choicest lemonade, and there's enough truck in these baskets to feed all the little children who live in the snow. 'The old woman's bread and molasses are in this basket (*Places it on table*), and Mother Hubbard's bone and the little pig's roast beef are in here. (*Places second basket on table.*) And——

*Mother Goose.* (*Interrupting.*) O, never mind; just leave them all there, and pretty soon we'll—— (*Sleigh bells heard.*) Hark! Can that be Santa Claus already?

(*Enter Santa Claus.*) How now, my hearties? Merry Christmas. (*All run forward and greet him with cries of "Merry Christmas!" As they surround him he moves toward table.*)

*Santa Claus.* I see you have responded to my call for help.

*Mother Goose.* Yes, indeed, dear Santa, my rhyme children have warm hearts, and, what is more, they will help you deliver the things, for they also have willing hands and feet.

(*All cry, "O, yes, we'll help, we'll help." They crowd around Santa, who lifts his hands in blessing. Tableau, with lights.*)

*Santa Claus.* Yes, my dear Rhyme friends, you have indeed found the true Christmas spirit, and now let us sing as we hasten away to our good work.

(*They form in line in the following order: Santa*

*Claus, Mother Goose, Boy Blue, Jack Horner, Jack, Jill, Mistress Mary, Bachelor, Knave of Hearts, Maiden-all-forlorn, Maid (from garden), Simple Simon. They march across the stage, then around the table, singing as they go. As they pass the table each one secures a basket or parcel. Care must be taken to have the table empty when Simple Simon reaches it; he, therefore, picks up the table, puts it on his head and marches out with the others. Repeat the song as often as is necessary.)*

*Song. (Air, "Come, come away.")*

O, haste, haste away,  
 While Christmas bells are ringing,  
 We'll sweetly sing, while joy we bring,  
 O, haste, haste away;  
 And while to others' homes we bear  
 Good things that we delight to share,  
 We'll all sing merrily,  
 Christmas is here.

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## PEACE ON EARTH.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Four Boys and Six Girls.

Characters: Mabel, eldest child of the Mensons; Kitty, youngest child of same; Bob, son; Mr. and Mrs. Menson; Mr. and Mrs. Benson, their son and two daughters corresponding in size to Mabel, Kitty and Bob. Costumes: For Mabel and the Bensons, street garb; for other characters, home suits. Kitty wears outer wraps at close. Scene: Parlor or sitting-room; telephone in plain sight at rear of stage.

*(Enter Mabel (R) hurriedly; pulls off gloves, removes hat, furs, etc., while talking.)*

*Mabel.* Dear me, I am so glad that I have managed to get home before the Bensons came. I have always been here to greet Jennie when she came on Christmas

Day, and nothing else but taking that poor crippled child her present would have dragged me out this morning. However, "all's well that ends well," and I am here to meet Jennie as usual. (*Looks at watch.*) But, dear me, no wonder I am so fortunate, for it is long past the time for them to be here. I do wonder what's the matter?

(*Enter Kitty (left), carrying large and handsome doll.*)

*Kitty.* O, Mabel, isn't it time the Bensons were here? Do you know 't seems 'sif I just couldn't stand it. I want to show Bessie my lovely new doll. (*Sits in low chair.*)

*Mabel.* Of course you do, dear, and I want to show Jennie my watch, too. (*Presses it to her lips.*) O, it is so perfectly lovely. I do hope Jennie has one just exactly like it. I dare say uncle Benson and papa put their heads together and bought two just alike. That's the way they always do, you know. (*Laughs.*) What a dear old pair they are. I just know they are the two best men in the world. (*Sits. Enter Bob, left.*)

*Bob.* Sister, what in the world do you suppose makes the Bensons so late? If they don't come pretty soon I'm going over to see what sort of a bike Tom has. I hope it's just like mine.

*Mabel.* (*Laughing.*) Well, I presume it is; old Santa would never make the mistake of giving you two different kinds.

*Bob.* (*Going to window.*) But why don't they come? They are always here by this time, I know.

*Kitty.* (*Jumping up and putting doll in chair.*) I know what I'm going to do. I'm going straight over there to see what's the matter. (*Starts off, right.*)

*Mabel.* Be sure to put on your rubbers and mittens, Kitty; it's pretty cold.

*Kitty.* Don't care if I freeze. I'm going to see why they don't come. (*Exit, right*).

*Mabel.* I don't know that I ought to let the child go; it's so cold. Why don't you go, Bob?

*Bob.* (*Rising.*) You come, too. Maybe we'd better all go.

*Mabel.* No; sit down; don't let us act crazy. Kitty has gone; that's enough. She'll bring them all back with her in a minute or two. (*Bob resumes seat. Enter Mr. M., left.*) Papa, what do you suppose makes the Bensons so late? (*Looks at watch.*)

*Mr. M.* (*Sits and takes up paper.*) O, you have a watch to look at this year, and that makes the time seem longer. (*Hides face with paper. Enter Mrs. M., left.*)

*Mrs. M.* John, what do you suppose makes the Bensons so late? They are always here half an hour earlier than this. I believe I'll telephone. (*Goes to telephone.*)

*Mr. M.* (*Anxiously.*) No, no, I wouldn't do that.

*Mabel.* No, mamma, I thought of that, but when they're busy getting ready it will only hinder them.

*Mrs. M.* They may be ill. I must know. (*Puts hand on telephone.*)

*Mabel.* But if they are ill the ringing of the 'phone will only be an annoyance. Don't do it, mamma. (*Goes to her.*)

*Mr. M.* (*Crossly.*) The best thing for you is to let the telephone alone.

*Mrs. M.* Why, John, what in the world ails you? I never knew you to act so.

*Bob.* O, mamma, don't bother; they'll be here in a minute. Kitty's gone after them.

*Mr. M.* (*Jumping up.*) Kitty gone after them! Who sent her? Did you? (*To Bob:*) If you did, I'll thrash you for it.



*Bob and Mabel. (Together.)* She sent herself.

*Mr. M. (Throws paper down and paces floor angrily.)* This beats everything that I ever heard of. I may as well tell you now—the Bensons are not coming here to dinner today.

*All. (In astonishment.)* Not coming!

*Mr. M. (Angrily.)* No, they're not coming. You act as if it was a national calamity.

*Mrs. M.* Christmas without the Bensons—why, John, it will be no Christmas at all. What has happened? *(Drops into a chair.)*

*Bob. (Sobbing.)* I want Tom to come. I'd rather do without Santa Claus than Tom.

*Mabel.* O, papa, what does this mean? Why didn't you tell us before? Christmas without the Bensons. *(Weeps.)*

*Mr. M. (Angrily.)* You act like a lot of idiots. The fact is, you've got to get along without the Bensons after this. He beat me on a real estate deal two weeks ago, and we haven't spoken since.

*All.* Oh! Oh!

*Mrs. M.* Does his wife know?

*Mr. M.* I presume she does, by this time, though I dare say he didn't have the nerve to tell her, any more than I did, until he was forced to.

*Mrs. M. (Going to him and putting her hand on his arm.)* But, John, remember this is the holy Christmas-tide—"Peace on earth," remember. O, do forgive and forget. No doubt you have done wrong, too. *(Phone rings. Mrs. M. goes.)*

*Mrs. M. (At 'phone.)* Yes, he is right here. John, Mr. Benson wants to talk to you. *(Mr. M. goes to 'phone. During the business at the 'phone the other characters come to C. and in dumb show evince their*



*pleasure at the conversation between the two men.)*

Mr. M. They have! Well, all right. I'm glad of it.  
(*Pause.*)

Mr. M. O, don't say that, Jim. I said more than I ought to, too. But aren't you coming, too? You mustn't stay there all alone. (*Pause.*) Never mind; come right over; if you hurry, perhaps you can overtake them, and get here with them. (*Pause.*) All right, hurry up then.  
(*Hangs up receiver.*)

Mrs. M., Mabel and Bob crowd around Mr. M., exclaiming, "Are they coming? Do tell us. What did he say?" etc.)

Mr. M. (*Laughing.*) Don't pelt me like that with questions. Yes, they're all coming. (*Cries of "Good!"*) Kitty, it seems, coaxed them to come. I suppose they hadn't the heart to tell her that we had quarreled. He told them to go on, and he'd call me up by 'phone.

Mrs. M. "And a little child shall lead them."

Mr. M. Well, the telephone's a great peacemaker; it's a great deal easier to tell a man over the wire that you're in the wrong than it is to say so when you're face to face with him.

Mrs. M. So it is, I dare say. Well, blessings on the telephone, then. But you'll not refer to your troubles when he comes, will you? Remember it is Christmas.

Mr. M. O, don't worry. We are both ashamed of ourselves, and we'll not rake it up again.

(*Voices behind scenes. Enter Kitty, and behind her the Benson family. Shouts of "Merry Christmas!" from both families. The two men clasp hands and come to F. C.*)

(*Curtain.*)

**A PEEP INTO SANTA CLAUS' PACK.**

To be given in the costume of Santa Claus.

"Here I come! Here I come!

With merry Christmas to each one.

Clear the track! Clear the track!

And you shall peep within my pack.

*(Open pack, slightly.)*

Here's sleds and skates for boys and girls,

Here's pretty dolls, with flaxen curls,

Here's horses, wagons, trumpets, drums,

And slates on which to figure sums.

Here's bags and boxes, games and books,

And chairs and stoves for little cooks,

Here's jumping-jacks, and Noah's arks,

And sheep that ba-a, and dogs that bark.

Here's chains and lockets, pretty rings,

And lots of other trinket things,

And here, beneath my arm, ah! me!

Switches for naughty children, see.

*(Holds up bunch of switches.)*

I know 'tis like enchanted ground,

To see these presents spread around.

Enough to turn each little head,

But, here they are just as I've said.

And when my pack is empty, quite,

I'll bid you all a kind good-night,

Then quickly jump upon my sleigh,

And crack my whip and speed away.

—Anonymous.

**SANTA CLAUS AND HIS MEN.**

BY C. A. LYNDE.

A curious place is old Santa Claus' den,  
All stored full of treasures where queer little men,  
No larger than drumsticks, yet active and bright,  
Are busily working from morning till night.

These queer little fellows, these workmen so small,  
All answer with pleasure old Santa Claus' call  
For "fifty more bonbons, one hundred more toys!  
More names on my list of good girls and good boys."

"Here merrily ho!" he gleefully cries;  
"My sled is all ready—make haste, the time flies!  
My reindeer are prancing and and pawing the snow,  
Make haste there, make haste, we're impatient to go."

Soon the bundles are packed with the greatest of care,  
Then off spring the reindeer, on, on, through the air,  
'Till they stop at some home, where snug in their bed  
Sleep Cora or Mabel, or Willie or Fred.

When the children awake at dawn's early light,  
And steal from their beds, how they'll scream with de-  
light,  
On beholding their stockings, they hung on the wall,  
With treasures o'erflowing, and something for all.

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**WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS.**

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

For Six Girls.

The characters are "discovered" in a line, or they may march upon the stage in time to lively music. The first speaker addresses her question to the girl next to her; she

answers and then puts the next question to the girl next to her, and so on down the line.

*First Girl.* What does Christmas mean to you? Tell me, little one.

*Second Girl.* Toys and sweets the whole day through, and playmates dear, and fun.

*Third Girl.* What does Christmas mean to you? Tell me, if you can.

*Third Girl.* Santa Claus and presents fine, for me and sister Nan.

*Third Girl.* What does Christmas mean to you? Tell me, if you know.

*Fourth Girl.* Dinner fine at Grandpa's house and sleigh-rides on the snow.

*Fourth Girl.* What does Christmas mean to you? Tell me what you think?

*Fifth Girl.* O, a jolly time for all, and lots to eat and drink.

*Fifth Girl.* What does Christmas mean for you? Tell me what you've found.

*Sixth Girl.* Loving hearts toward every one and peace the world around.

*All.* Loving hearts toward every one and peace the world around.

Yes, this deserves the holy name,  
For this the blessed Christ-child came,  
Loving hearts toward every one and peace the world  
around.

(*Exeunt.*)

## YULE-TIDE.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Merrily, merrily, sing today,  
There's wonderful cheer on the King's highway.  
Joy and hope have to earth come down,  
As erst they came to Bethlehem-town.  
Once again over field and wold  
The angels hover as when of old  
The midnight echoed their voices sweet  
As heaven bent low the earth to greet,  
And the shepherd-folk with hurrying pace  
Went forth to kneel in the holy place,  
A manger lowly, the humbleshrine,  
Where the Virgin laid her Child Divine.

Merrily sing where tapers bright  
Twinkle like golden stars by night;  
Sing as you enter the church for love,  
Sing of the Saviour throned above;  
Carry your song and your happy look  
Into darkened corner and lonely nook;  
Somebody's sitting forlorn, apart,  
With a weary pain, or an aching heart;  
Somebody needs to be told again  
Of the angel message o'er Bethlehem's plain.  
Can you not carry your Christmas cheer,  
Into some sorrowful home this year?

Merrily carol this Christmas morn,  
For unto us a Child is born;  
Wonderful, Counselor, mighty God,  
Tell it in melody all abroad.  
The Son of Mary, the Prince of Peace,



His reign beginning shall never cease.  
Born again in your soul and mine,  
Shall our hearts be cleansed with a flame divine?  
Shall we kneel and offer our service meet  
At the beautiful Christ Child's little feet?  
And oh! will he smile on the throng to-day  
Who are singing his praise on the King's highway?

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### JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

By Eugene Field.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,  
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill!  
Mighty gad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy  
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by  
    Fauntleroy!  
Love to chawnk green apples and go swimmin' in the  
    lake—  
Hate to take the castor-ile they give f'r stomach-ache!  
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no flies  
    on me,  
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!  
  
Got a yaller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;  
Fust thing *she* knows she doesn't know where she's at!  
Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide  
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!  
But sometimes, when the grocery man is worrited an'  
    cross,  
He reaches at me with his whip an' larrups up his hoss;

An' then I laff an' holler: "Oh, you never teched *me!*"  
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man.  
I'll be a missionerer like her oldes' brother Dan  
As wuz et up by the cannib'ls that lives in Ceylon's isle!  
Where ev'ry prospeck pleases an' only man is vile.  
But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West  
show,

Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd  
know

That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough f'r me—  
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!  
'Then ol' Sport, he hangs around, so sollum-like an' still—  
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's the matter, little  
Bill?"

The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin'  
what's become

Uv them two enennies uv hern that uster make things  
hum!

But I am so perlite an' stick so earnest-like to biz,  
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie  
is!"

But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me,  
When jes' 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots and lots uv candies, cakes,  
an' toys,

Wuz made, they say, f'r proper kids, an' *not* f'r naughty  
boys!

So wash yer face, an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's  
and q's,

An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes ;

Say "yessum" to the ladies, an "yessir" to the men,

An' when they's company don't pass yer plate f'r pie again ;

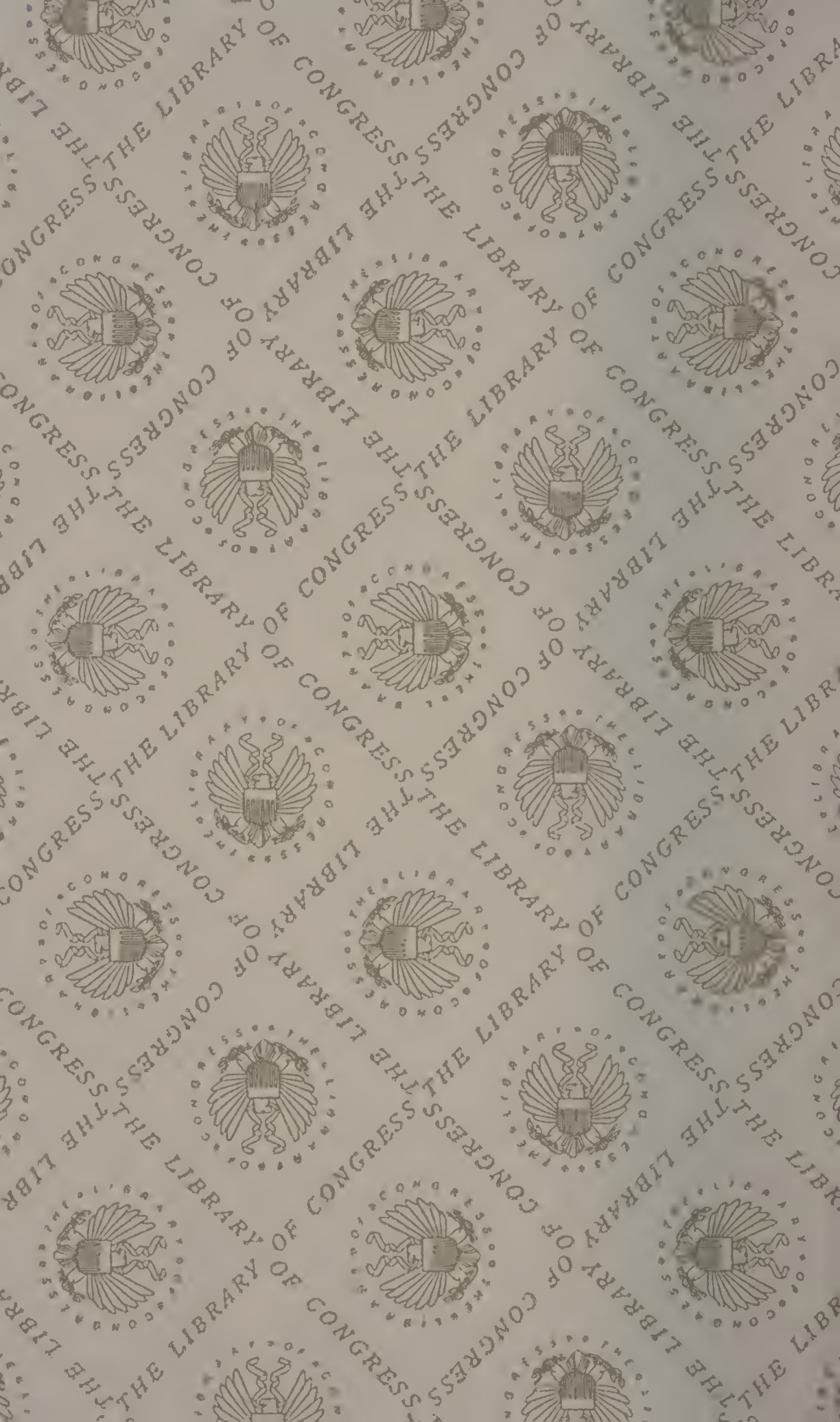
But, thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon *that tree*,

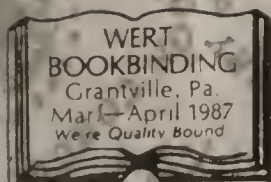
Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be !

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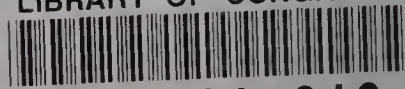






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